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NOVEMBER 12, 1952

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

PRICE



**SPECIAL  
FEATURE : SCHOOL GIRL BECOMES BUSINESS GIRL**



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Shakespeare Head Press, Sydney.

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

November 12, 1952

168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Box 4098WW, G.P.O.

Vol 20, No. 24

## SUNDAY BEACH BUS MUDDLE

WITH the coming of summer the N.S.W. Transport Department is only at the beginning of its troubles.

And if the transport mess on the first Sunday this month was any indication, the public is really only beginning to suffer the full effects of the Department's ineptitude.

The only exercise thousands of people had was jostling in a queue and the only fresh air was breathed while standing watching overloaded buses flash by.

The Commissioner for Government Transport, Mr. Shoebridge, said that his Department had not expected such heavy Sunday traffic.

A six-year-old child, especially one who has waited for hours in a queue, could tell Mr. Shoebridge that on a holiday with the maximum temperature at 87 a lot of Sydney people will want to go to the beaches.

High wages and operating costs are making the Department's job at the moment extremely difficult, and last year's deficit of nearly £6,000,000 is forcing officials to tread with extreme care.

The public may, for the moment, have to accept the Department's assurance that night services must be eliminated or curtailed when they are unprofitable.

But what possible advantage is there to the Department or anyone in having people turning away from queues or being left at bus stops?

If things go on this way Sydney's beaches, which are her greatest natural asset, will become playgrounds only for those wealthy enough to afford a car.

## Our cover:

● Our cover-girl is wearing a blue-and-white pin-striped cotton one-piece designed for her first day at work. The dress is simple enough for office wear, but it can be dressed up with accessories for any occasion.

## This week:

● We are very proud of the color pictures on pages 6 and 7 of the Derby Eve Ball and the Melbourne racing carnival. This is the first time in Australia that color pictures of a news event have been reproduced in rotogravure with such speed. To do it, elaborate arrangements were made to process the color pictures in the briefest time possible, while editorial and technical staffs worked round the clock. The net result of this combined operation is that you are able to see all the color and spectacle of Australia's most glamorous social season while interest in it is at its height.

● Visiting speed-car driver Fay Taylor (story and pictures of her on page 4) is very superstitious. Irish-born Fay told staff reporter Sheila Patrick that her lucky color was pale blue and that her lucky number was three. While she was being fitted for a pair of overalls in Sydney, a big black cat came over to her. She touched it three times and declared it would bring good luck for her Australian tour.

## Next week:

● A colorful member of the British aristocracy is Lady Hart Dyke, who runs a silkworm farm at Lullingstone Castle in Kent, where half a million little white grubs are now munching mulberry leaves and weaving silk which will be used to make the Coronation robes for Her Majesty the Queen. Lady Hart Dyke is of gipsy descent, and proud of it. She has a racy turn of phrase and a fresh approach to life that make her quite a personality. Bill Strutton, of our London staff, recently went down to Kent to interview her and to learn something of the silkworm industry. We publish his story next week.

## Honesty v. worldly success in post-war world

Book review by  
AINSLIE BAKER

STORM JAMESON in her new novel of pre-war and post-war England has permitted herself the indulgence of a great deal of high thinking and fancy writing.

To stay the distance of "The Green Man" 762 pages, the reader will need to be equipped with strong powers of concentration, a natural taste for philosophising, and an insatiable thirst for soul searching and intellectual talk.

On its simplest level, this is a novel of moral conflict. The central character, Andrew Daubney, when he comes down from Oxford, has to choose between worldly success and scholarly integrity.

Representative of the opposing ways of life are Andrew's suave, successful Uncle Matthew and his eccentric, scholarly, and financially distressed father.

Andrew stills his doubts and joins his uncle in the world of big business and political intrigue for which his easy charm of manner makes him so well equipped.

He tells himself that by playing his new life as a game he is still keeping a foothold in the camp of moral integrity.

He marries a beautiful, clever, and intellectually dishonest woman, who when he is invalidated out of the Army continues beneath his father's roof an affair with one of Andrew's Oxford friends.

Andrew refuses to resume London life, and

works as a laborer for the tenant of the only remaining farm of the formerly great Daubney estate, ruined by his father's wilful scholarly ineptitude for business.

He falls in love with the simple and charming daughter of a former miner risen to great political power, and with her he settles down on the farm that is his father's only legacy.

When, after his son's suicide, Matthew Daubney offers to make Andrew his heir in return for his services, Andrew elects to stay on at the farm.

If the author finds it impossible to think well of her fellow human beings, she seems determined that her readers will share her disillusion.

During the course of the novel Miss Jameson gives detailed and extremely penetrating portraits of a number of people—all of whom have nastiness as their common characteristic.

This is a strange, self-conscious, and artificial book, whose characters are either over-subtle or brutish.

Ironically enough, the author makes one of her characters utter precisely the criticism that might be levelled against "The Green Man" itself.

"... A novel isn't an extended essay. It needs to be nourished on something coarser than intellect and clever dialogue and quotations from Mallarmé and the rest of it."

Published by Macmillan. Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Sydney.

## Quote:

Our friends go with us as we go  
Down the long path where Beauty  
wends,  
Where all we love foregather, so  
Why should we fear to join our  
friends?

—Oliver St. John Gogarty.



Keep  
Fresher!



Feel  
Smoother!



Slay  
Daintier!

KEEP FRESHER! First, bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool!

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# American tennis girls are on the ball

● America's No. 1 woman tennis player, Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly, and U.S. national girl champion, Julie Sampson, are due to arrive in Australia this week to compete in the national championships. In this article, Jean Sedgman, who saw a lot of them both when she was abroad with her husband, Frank Sedgman, gives her impressions of them on and off the court.



JULIE SAMPSON, 18-year-old Californian U.S. girl champion tennis player, who is due to arrive in Australia this week for the national tennis championships.



MAUREEN CONNOLLY (left), American women's national champion and Wimbledon woman champion, with leading American player Doris Hart at Forest Hills, New York. Doris toured Australia early in 1950.

**F**IVE-FEET-TWO of youthful charm and tenacity is how I would describe Maureen ("Little Mo") Connolly, 18-year-old world champion woman tennis player.

Nicknamed "Little Mo" after the United States battleship "Big Mo" because she is such a good fighter, she doesn't know the meaning of giving-in, even when the odds are completely against her. I have never seen anyone fight harder.

"Little Mo" is her most brilliant when the play is fast.

Knowing this, the girls in the States have tried to find a system to lower her morale, with slow, tiring games.

This technique seems to work for a while, then Maureen usually romps home as fresh as a daisy in the fifth set, when her opponents are wilting.

This was how she won the National Singles last year in America, before going to Wimbledon.

She never loses her head or her sunny temperament.

She practises right up until minutes before a big match starts, and goes straight back to the practice court after an all-in tussle.

Off the courts Maureen is a typical American teenager, always humming a pop tune, enjoying giggle sessions with girl-friends, and having "crushes" on famous film stars. Gordon MacRae is her current pin-up.

But in spite of her youth and exuberance, she is always

were in Hollywood, most of the gifts she received were riding gear for herself and the horse.

The day began for her with a "rose-colored" dawn when Gordon MacRae arrived with a cake, singing "Happy Birthday."

She jumped out of bed, threw on a dressing-gown, and came out and sang it, too, as a duet, with him.

"Little Mo" is very fond of dancing and has some lovely party frocks designed by Teddy Tinling, who also de-

Because she is so strong in net play and "Mo" so effective in back court, they make a formidable doubles combination.

Julie is a typical product of Californian tennis. She began to play at eleven and competed in her first tournament at 14.

At the age of 16 she was No. 4 girl player in national rankings in the U.S.

Julie is taking a holiday from her studies at the University of California for the tour.

Both she and "Little Mo" are thrilled with the idea of attending young people's parties here.

They like informal gatherings such as barbecues and platter parties, where boys and girls dress in bright, comfortable sports clothes.

They don't care for sophisticated functions.

Both girls like to have plenty of early nights, thick steaks, and lots of milk drinks. They are very keen to find out if Sydney beaches are as good as Australians abroad have boasted.

**By JEAN SEDGMAN**

perfectly composed when she has to make a speech or talk to older people, never fumbling for words or showing any signs of nervousness.

Her favorite relaxation is horse-riding.

After she won the Wimbledon title, her home city—San Diego—presented her with a beautiful hack.

She was ecstatic.

When she celebrated her birthday while Frank and I

signs her simply tailored tennis wear.

Julie Sampson, blonde, 18-year-old national girl champion of the U.S., is a complete contrast to "Little Mo."

Julie is tall and slender, quiet and self-effacing.

She is very excited about coming to Australia. It is her first trip abroad.

She plays a net-rushing game featured by hard serves and severe volleys.



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# Velveeta

The new process makes Velveeta richer in food values than ordinary cheese! How? Precious lactose (milk sugar), much Vitamin B<sub>2</sub> and milk minerals are lost in making ordinary cheese—run off in the whey. Velveeta puts them back—adds them to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates you and your family need for perfect health. The new process makes Velveeta spread like butter—in fact you don't need butter. Velveeta on bread without butter has the scientifically correct balance of primary food elements. Processed and pasteurized for purity.



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**NEW PROCESS** gives "different" rich-yet-mild flavour!

The new process gives Velveeta this "different" flavour everyone loves. Enjoy it for lunch at home—add it to school and work lunches—serve it to guests. Ask for Velveeta in the yellow packet.



### STOP KIDNEY POISONING TODAY

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervinosis, Headaches and Colds, Distress, Clinging Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned by uric acids. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop trouble with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store, 10-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.



Make Baby's Hair CROW CURLY 4 Weeks' Treatment 3'll EVERYWHERE

**Curlypet**



THE 100 M.P.H. registered by Fay Taylour's hepped-up M.G. sports car is indicated in this picture by staff photographer Ern McQuillan. Miss Taylour, an Irishwoman, is said to be the only woman speed-car driver in the world. Beside her in the car is staff reporter Sheila Patrick.

## Racing driver dresses to suit her car

By SHEILA PATRICK, staff reporter

The car's speedometer needle hovered on 100 m.p.h. The driver, head back and laughing, was the well-known speed-car motorist Fay Taylour.

She had trapped me into going for "a spin," as she called it, in her hepped-up English sports car.

MISS TAYLOUR is visiting Australia to race her V8 60 speed car in capital cities against anyone who will meet her challenge.

She is a fair-skinned, titian-haired Irishwoman of nearly 40 and has the proverbial charm of her race.

Before she took me for this "spin" I watched her use her charm to bewitch an overalls manufacturer into making her the unorthodox racing overalls she wanted.

He was astounded at her requirements.

"We'll have a tiny pocket up here for my lipstick and a hanky," she told him firmly. "Nipped in here to show off my figure. Longer at the waist and tight at the wrists and ankles, please."

When he protested that other racing motorists didn't have them like that, Fay flashed him a smile.

"I want them to fit my figure so that I'll look attractive when I'm racing," she explained. "I think that's nearly as important as good driving."

"Oh, and by the way, they can't be this horrible khaki. I want them pretty pale blue, with a stitched blue belt to match. You see my car is pale blue, too."

It was while howling along the road back to town that Fay Taylour suggested we go to the nearest park to show me some speed.

"You keep asking why I like driving a racing car and I keep telling you it's because I get a tremendous thrill from going fast," she said. "I can see you don't understand, because you have never driven very fast, but I'll convert you."

We swung into the park. "This will do," she cried at sight of a clear half-mile of tarred road lined on each side with palm trees.

I hung on to the seat with

one hand and to the dashboard with the other. The palm trees flashed by at an alarming rate until they didn't look like trees at all.

As we slowed down to 80 m.p.h. Fay relaxed and began to sing.

However, she had a further treat in store.

"Now you know what it feels like to speed, I'll show you some fast cornering," she said—and off we went to "a good, wide corner" near a bed of young cannas.

After three or four fast sliding turns I suggested that perhaps we should go home.

"First of all we must put some cream on our faces," Fay said, pulling out a bottle of lotion. "I always keep my skin well creamed, and as soon as I've been driving fast pat some more into it. The wind sometimes makes my face bright red when I am travelling very fast."

As we sat in the car and performed the very womanly



OVERALLS MANUFACTURER Mr. Robert Adcock fits racing motorist Fay Taylour with new overalls. Her order for tailored pale blue overalls to match her car and with a pocket for lipstick astounded Mr. Adcock.

act of patting cream into our faces, an old chap with a horse and dray, who had been watching our antics, scratched his head wonderingly and went back to shovelling earth-clods.

"I love cars," Fay told me on the road back to town. "I write poetry about them, and have already written a book about my life called 'One Love Lasted', which Hollywood is interested in filming."



GLAMOR PORTRAIT of racing motorist Fay Taylour. She claims that her love of cars is the only one that lasts. "Unlike men, my cars are always faithful to me," she says.

Fay started racing in 1930 on motor-bikes.

"I bought my first motor-bike with some money I won from a cookery scholarship," she said. "It was after I had been jilted by a chap who married someone else."

"I thought my life was ruined, but I've discovered since that men are like that."

"Unfortunately, my love affairs all end in disillusionment," she added a little sadly. "Each one starts so excitingly, then ends like all the others."

"But my cars are faithful to me."

"In Sweden recently I was racing in an important contest, and although I was the only woman and had the oldest car I was leading on points until my car broke practically in two."

"It's the first car to let me down."

One of Fay's proudest achievements was breaking Sir Malcolm Campbell's lap record at Brooklands track in England with a speed of 124 m.p.h.

She has driven in many countries and until recently was selling cars in Hollywood and driving speed cars in her spare time.

"Clark Gable came to ask me about buying a big sports car, and I didn't know him until he smiled and I saw his dimples," Fay said. "It was quite a thrill."



# OUR CORONATION TOUR CONTEST



THREE Philips portable radios go to the second best entries in each of the three sections.



FOURTH PRIZE. This valuable collection of household electrical appliances—Hoover washing machine, Hoover electric polisher, and Hoover vacuum cleaner—will be won by the competitor sending in the fourth best entry.

## Special staff now at work on huge rush of readers' entries

A special staff is engaged in sorting and classifying the great rush of entries which have already been received for our Coronation contest, which offers as its glamorous first prize a trip round the world for two, with a fortnight in England for the crowning of the Queen.

Next week we will publish the first selection from the entries, for which progress awards of £10 each will be made.

ALL the wonderful places you have ever dreamed of seeing are included in the itinerary that has been arranged for the grand prize winner and companion.

As well as London en fete for the brilliant occasion of the Coronation, our two guests will see such places as Singapore, Rome, New York, San Francisco, and Honolulu.

Here in detail is the itinerary that will be followed.

Leaving Kingsford Smith Airport, Sydney, they will fly to London with Qantas/B.O.A.C.

First stops will be Darwin

and Djakarta, capital of the Indonesian Republic.

There will be an overnight stay at exotic Singapore, where our guests will stay at world-famous Raffles Hotel, from where they will be taken on a sight-seeing tour of the island city and its environs.

After that there will be the colorful and fascinating eastern cities of Colombo, Bombay, and Cairo, all renowned for their tourist interest.

Next stop will be Rome, where they will be escorted on a sight-seeing tour of the antique splendors and fashionable modern life of that fascinating city.

From Rome the plane will go direct to London, the flight ending at the famous Heathrow Airport.

Then begins the glorious two weeks of sightseeing, celebrity meeting, and Coronation festivities, with window seats on the processional route highlighting a never-to-be-forgotten fortnight.

Luxury twin-decked Strato-cruiser Monarch Service will then fly our guests from London to New York, arriving at Idlewild International Airport approximately 13 hours after leaving London.

After New York there will be a thrilling flight right across Canada, stopping at the interesting cities of Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver.

From Vancouver our guests will fly home to Sydney the B.C.P.A. "Southern Cross" route by D.C.B. airliner. They will call at San Francisco, at the millionaires' playground of Honolulu, at Canton Island, and at Fiji.

Do not delay in sending in your entry.

If you receive one of the £10 progress awards which we will make for entries published during the duration of the contest, you will still be eligible to win one of the other big prizes.

The ones selected for weekly publication will not necessarily be the best received, but perhaps chosen for their general interest, because they may happen to be a suitable length, or for variety.

No one is too old to enter, no one who is old enough to write is too young. Your chance to win a trip to London to see the Queen is as good as anyone else's.

Should the winner be under 18 years of age, he or she must choose an older travelling companion, either a relative or friend who is approved by the winner's parents.

The contest will remain open until January 16.



## How to enter the contest

You may choose ANY ONE of the three sections into which the contest is divided. Take your pick and write not more than 500 words about it.

YOU may be as brief as you like. If you prefer, write your entry in the form of a letter.

Please read the rules governing the competition carefully.

Sign the coupon to warrant that your submission is your own original work, and include it with your entry.

### 1. Describe the most wonderful day in your life.

The day you choose to tell us about may be homely or grand, forgotten by everyone except yourself, or remembered by the nation. It may concern your sweetheart or a schoolboy triumph. Its background may be an outback kitchen or a crowded railway station.

Tell us the personal significance of the day to you, the reasons why of all the days you have lived it is the most wonderful one in your life.

### 2. Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon tea.

Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite, and why.

If the Queen came to your house to afternoon tea would you borrow your friends' best china and tablecloth or would you simply use the nicest of your own?

Would you try to prepare a typically Australian afternoon tea, the type of afternoon tea that you imagine the Queen must be accustomed to, or the sort of afternoon tea that would give the Queen an insight into the way you normally lived?

Then there is the choice of the three people you would ask to meet the Queen. Are you going to ask them because you think them deserving of the honor, because you think they would be of interest to the Queen, or because they would complete a

typically Australian family group?

### 3. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.

There are many subjects the two Queen Elizabeths might enjoy talking about together. Both came to the throne as young women. Perhaps you imagine Elizabeth the First advising the present Queen, or perhaps you like to think of our Queen asking her namesake about great events of her reign.

Or perhaps you just like to think of them as two Queens of England discussing the problems of queenhood across the centuries.

NEW YORK. After two Coronation weeks in London, the winner and companion will be flown to the U.S. before coming home by B.C.P.A. and seeing Honolulu.



LOVELY nightgown is among the Prestige nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods the winner will receive.

## CONTEST RULES

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may enter one section, two sections, or all three, and send as many entries as you like. Each entry must be accompanied by a coupon. Write on one side of the paper only.

Put your own name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry.

The entries may be as short as you like and should preferably be not more than 500 words. In section two, the recipes need not be counted in your total words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

### CORONATION CONTEST

November 12, 1952. Attach one coupon to each entry. I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS (Block letters)

State

## THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE for the best entry in the contest: Coronation tour for two. The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

Travelling ensemble and afternoon frock by Madame Pallier.

Complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods by Prestige.

Wardrobe of 12 pairs of Joyce shoes.

SECOND PRIZE for the second best entry: a specially fitted Ford Consul car.

THIRD PRIZE for the third best entry: a President Model 88 refrigerator.

FOURTH PRIZE of Hoover washing machine, electric polisher, and vacuum cleaner.

THREE PRIZES of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the four major prizes.

THREE PRIZES of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/-, for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.



# MELBOURNE RACE CARNIVAL



**FIRST DERBY** for Anna-Louise Aitchison, who was with her father, Mr. I. A. D. Aitchison, of "Coromandel," Yan Yean, Victoria. They formerly lived in India.



**THE GOVERNOR** of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks (left), with Mr. T. C. Manifold, chairman of the V.R.C. Behind them is Lady Brooks with Mr. E. A. Underwood.



**SYDNEY VISITORS.** Miss Barbara Tuit, of Pymble (left), and Mrs. Clive Carney were among the smart young racegoers at Flemington.



**ABOVE:** Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sloman, of Melbourne. Mrs. Sloman carried a drawstring handbag of the same material as her faille frock. Her cart-wheel crinoline hat was trimmed with flowers.



**AT LUNCHEON.** Mrs. Leo Frankel (left), Mr. Peter Headlam, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade. Mrs. Grimwade's white chiffon frock was among the smartest seen in Cup Week.



**LEFT:** Mr. Tam Baillieu, of "Tongy" Cassilis, N.S.W. (left), Mrs. Bill Parry-Okeden, and Mr. Parry-Okeden, who is secretary of the Australian Jockey Club.



**RIGHT:** Picnic lunch at the course. From left, Mrs. J. Ingoldby, of Adelaide; Mrs. Norman Richards, of Melbourne; Mr. Ingoldby; Mrs. Charles Reid, of Mt. Eliza, Vic.; and Mrs. Keith Aikman, Melbourne.



# Brilliant scenes at Derby Eve ball

• One of the gayest parties in Cup Week was the dance on Derby Eve in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Racing murals, saddles, and jockeys' colors, provided a racey atmosphere.



HONORARY BARMEN at the Derby Eve Dinner Dance in Melbourne, Messrs. Keith Tolhurst (left), Leo Frankel, and Jim Shackell. At the bar are Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade and Mrs. T. O. M. Edwards, committee vice-presidents.



DUMMY book-makers were part of decorations. Commander W. F. Cook, R.A.N., and Mrs. Cook are amused by one of them.



EARRINGS matched the green panels in the striking frock worn by Mrs. Norman Wattenhall, snapped with her husband, Dr. Wattenhall, in front of the buffet table.



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN Keith Shannon with Miss Patricia Clayton during a pause in the dancing. Miss Clayton wore a green stole with her frock.



WHITE HORSE carrying "Lady Godiva," wearing a blue fox cape, walked up two flights of stairs at the dance which was held at Earl's Court, St. Kilda. Standing at the head of the horse is Mrs. Ian Miller. The fox cape was a prize for a lucky dance competition.



WHITE LACE was worn by Mrs. Sam Wood (left), who is pictured here with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Darling, Mrs. Hector Livingston, and General Clive Steele. Mrs. Livingston wore black and white.



LAVISH BUFFET. Reshid Bey and his wife, the former Judy Chirnside, who wore a printed crepe frock. Color pictures specially taken by staff photographer Robert Cleland.





**DISTINGUISHED GROUP.** First Naval Member, Vice-Admiral Sir John Collins (left), Mrs. Henry Stebbins, Lady Collins, and the American Consul-General, Mr. Stebbins, discuss winners for the Cup. On Cup night parties to celebrate were held.



**MELBOURNE CUP.** American visitors Mrs. John de Blois Wack (left) and Mr. Wack with the Chairmen of the A.J.C., Mr. Alan Potter, and his daughter, Barbara, at Flemington for the Melbourne Cup.

## Cup Week festivities



**SYDNEY BOYS** David Peterson (left) and Hugo Persson, both of Killara, Patricia Downey and Elaine Burnham, of Melbourne, were among the many young people at the Red Cross Lucky Horse Shoe Dinner Dance at the Delphic.



**FAMILY GROUP.** Mr. Greg Keighery, aged 84, attends his 69th Melbourne Cup accompanied by his three daughters, Miss Freda Keighery (left), Mrs. Walter Furlong, and Mrs. Clare Leabeaner.



**OWNER OF HYDROGEN,** Mr. E. R. Williams, and his daughter, Dorothy (Mrs. Dan Dwyer), of Sydney, on Cup Day.



**SUNDAY LUNCHEON.** Mrs. John Shaw (left), Mr. John Carr, of Sydney, Mrs. John Dixon, formerly of Sydney, Mr. Herbert Douglass, of Bellevue Hill, Sydney, Mrs. John Chaldjian, and Mr. John Shaw at the Dick Newtons' luncheon party at their home at Mount Macedon. The guests drove the 40 miles from Melbourne in pouring rain.



**HOST and HOSTESS,** Mr. and Mrs. Dick Newton (centre), Mrs. Gloria Ladd (left), and Sydney visitor, Mrs. Ian Platt Hepworth, enjoy champagne cocktails at the luncheon the Newtons gave for 125 guests at their home, "Glen Rannoch," Mount Macedon. Luncheon was served on the billiard table in the billiard room.



# Substitute Groom

FICTION

*He knew she was the girl for him, but what about her fiance?*

By D. K. FINDLAY

It was a pleasant, windy day, and Ned was on his way to Paul's. In his pocket was the announcement of Paul's marriage, to take place next Saturday, and it had come as a surprise to Ned, who had been away.

Paul was his cousin, a young man who settled down early to the serious things of life, like taking good care of his health, and now he was getting married to a strange girl. This was an added surprise, for Paul did not know any strange girls.

A taxi drew up ahead of him and a girl got out. She, too, was about to turn in at Paul's when a breeze lifted the small hat from her head. As it went by him, Ned grabbed it, and so an outfield.

She was strikingly fair and she did not appear to mind the wind.

"Did you have a beautiful grandmother and did she come from Sweden?" he asked, returning the hat.

"It was grandfather," she said. "However, I thank you, and my grandmother thanks you."

She smiled and started up the front path. He fell in beside her.

"If you are going in here, you're probably going to Paul's party. So am I. Let us go slowly, for we have much to talk about."

"Like what?"

"Like your hair. It looks like a million pounds' worth of sunshine. Say a million and a half—inflation is everywhere."

Paul lived in an old-fashioned house with a seat on the stone porch. He persuaded her to rest for a few minutes. "We mustn't tire ourselves. We must remain fresh for Paul's party."

"Have you known him long?"

"All my life. And it's a great surprise to me, this marriage business."

"Why?"

"Paul is the careful type—doesn't move around any faster than glue. He was engaged to Maisie Gordon, but he'd known her since she was six, so you couldn't say he rushed into that. Then Maisie breaks it off, and next thing we hear he's going to marry some other girl. She must be a ball of fire to sweep old Paul off his feet. . . . Must we go in?"

She had risen and mounted the steps to the door.

"I have a better idea," he said. "Who wants to stay indoors on a day like this? Let us go to the park and walk about and get engaged to be married."

She had the agreeable air of a girl who likes to listen to nonsense.

"Do you think you've known me long enough? Is ten minutes long enough?"

"Certainly. Ten seconds was enough for me."

"It's an attractive offer, but—" She pressed the bell.

Paul opened the door. He was as serious as an owl, and his glasses made him look like one. "There you are," he said matter-of-factly to the girl. He looked at Ned. "And there you are." He turned back to the girl. "Greta, this is my cousin, Ned Latimer. He's the wild man of the family. Don't believe a word he says." She shook hands, smiling.

"I thought it might be Ned."

"Hello, Greta," said Ned. "Greta who?"

"Greta Snow," said Paul. "Didn't you get the announcement? We're going to be married."

Maisie Gordon found him sitting in the corner by the book-case. Maisie, who never had a serious thought if she could help it, was trying to balance four soft-drink bottles. She let them all fall on him.

"What's the matter with you? You look as if you'd been hit over the head with a large blunt instrument."

"Sit down here and tell me about this engagement thing."

"You mean Paul and Greta?"

"How did he meet her?"

"She's staying here. And her mother told her to look up the Latimer boys, because she was sweet on a Latimer boy when she was a girl here, so the cousins sent out a call for the extant Latimer boys and they turned up Paul. You were away. Paul said wild horses wouldn't drag him near her. But he did go . . . and now see what's happened."

"It's a ghastly mistake."

"What's so ghastly about it?"

"Paul works in a trustee company. He's as serious as the history section in a public library. What kind of a prospect is that for a girl like Greta? She'll go right off her feed. She'll pine for her home town."

"Oh, I don't know," said Maisie. "Paul is a nice old piece of cheese. But he wouldn't go to Greta's home to be married, so they're sending a cousin by air to give the bride away. Maybe I'm making a mistake."

"You are."

"He takes on a kind of charm the minute another girl gets him."

"Basically, the boy is sound as a nut. All he needs is a woman's influence and a swift kick."

"Fine time to mention it," said Maisie.

"He's going to be married on Saturday."

"Better pick up those bottles before someone breaks a neck."

"Good-bye," said Paul. "See you Saturday."

Ned had outstayed the other guests in order to have a word with the engaged couple.

"I have no joy of this contract to-night; it is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden."

"Shakespeare. Romeo and Juliet. Act Two, Scene Two." Paul examined his face in the mirror. "I think I'll have to get a new razor."

*He took her to a flower show so he could compare her with the orchids.*

Have you ever tried one of these electric ones?"

"Yes; haven't you?"

"As a matter of fact, I still use the old-fashioned cut-throat. But this morning I gave myself a great gash."

"Aha."

"Aha what?"

"Surely you know what that means? Surely you've read Doctor Stumpff on the Manifestations of the Subconscious? Cutting yourself, falling downstairs—things like that—are attempts by your subconscious to avoid something. Like this marriage of yours."

"Oh?" Paul did not seem impressed.

"Primitive peoples are regular dabs at this," said Ned, not giving up hope. "Look at the prenuptial rites of Sunappi Indians. They name a stick for the girl's intended, and she has to pull it out of a pot full of knives and sharp stuff. If she cuts herself, the marriage is off." He appealed to the girl. "Did you ever hear of an unhappy marriage among the Sunappis?"

"Never even heard of the Sunappis."





been yanked over his ears, and other symptoms of shock. Always cautious regarding his health, he took to his bed to recuperate.

Ned called round next day, bringing a book by an eminent doctor advising people, on the whole, to stay in bed. He found Paul propped up with Volume 3 of his stamp collection, with Greta helping him turn the pages.

"Now perhaps you'll believe me when I say your subconscious doesn't approve of this marriage."

"Why drag in the subconscious?" Paul asked. "It was a simple case of booby trap, and I could sue somebody." Greta turned a page of the album. "Now here is something special. The Honduras Blacks, Colonial. Wait till I tell you about these. They were issued in 1894—"

Ned hung round until ten o'clock and earned the privilege of taking Greta home. Outside, she took a deep breath and stepped out at a brisk pace.

"I've been thinking," he said, "and I've decided. You're a lot prettier than Paul."

"Have you got a stamp collection?"

"When I was ten I had one, but it's gone now. You walk beautifully."

"So!"

"You have a neat way of putting one foot in front of

## Continuing . . . Substitute Groom

the other without falling over sideways."

"Where I live we call it Progress."

"I'm hungry. There is a restaurant here famous for its sea food. Let us go and eat lobster or crabs or something."

A look came into her face—the look of a healthy girl who could do with food, now that it's mentioned. "I love crab meat better than anything in the world. But we'd better not."

"Why?"

"You know why."

"All right. We'll go on to Patti's and eat crabs. Then we'll go dancing. And all the time we'll talk about Paul."

Ned spent the next few days taking her out whenever he could pry her loose from Paul's bedside. He took her to the pictures and a night-club. He even took her to a flower show so he could compare her with the flowers.

"If people could keep girls like you in a pot, the orchids would have to go out of business," he told her.

"I asked in the library for that book you mentioned," she said. "Stumpff on the Subconscious. They'd never heard of it."

"Oh, well."

"And I looked up the Sun-appi Indians and there aren't any."

"Another massacre? I hadn't heard. Soon we won't have an Indian left."

"It's going to be fun, all right, having you for a cousin-in-law, but it's a good thing Paul and Maisie warned me about you."

On Thursday Paul was up and about, with an eye peeled for rolling objects underfoot. Maisie had invited them to a party at the country club, and Thursday night turned out, meteorologically speaking, to be a shocker. Paul did not want to go anywhere.

"It's raining. It's blowing a gale. Why can't we just stay here and be warm and comfortable?"

"Because, darling," said Maisie, "it's my last chance to dance with you, and for that I would go through fire and water."

Paul grumbled, but allowed himself to be persuaded. "It's all against my better judgment," he said. He balked again when he saw the car. Maisie had brought the Gordon town car, a vehicle roughly the size of an army lorry.

"The ordinary risks of existence I am prepared to assume, but I am not prepared to assume the risks of Maisie's driving in that thing."

"Get in," said Maisie. "You drive. I'll just sit here and point out falling wires and gusts of wind."

Ned happily bundled Greta into the rear. "Though I realise we are taking our lives in our hands. It's a big risk going anywhere with a subconsciously desperate character like Paul." He tried to take her hand. "It is a very strange thing to fall in love with a girl just before she is going to marry someone else."

"You're not in love; you're just having fun." She was

listening to Paul and Maisie quarrelling in the front seat. "Do they always talk like that?"

"Oh, yes, they go on like an old married couple. Paul fell for Maisie when she was six; he used to carry her shoes home from dancing class."

"But it was she who broke the engagement."

"She was always breaking it. But it always grew together again."

"Oh."

"Exactly. Oh. That's what I keep telling you — you're marrying the wrong Latimer. I'm the one you should be marrying."

He was interrupted by a crisis, the sort of crisis that hangs over the heads of all who are rash enough to venture out on a main highway on a bad night. They were rounding a curve at the foot of a long hill when a car coming down from the other direction skidded and went out of control.

In the split second of grace allowed him, Paul turned their car off the roadway. It crashed through the fence, ploughed along the edge of a wooded gully, glanced off a tree, and came to a stop, right side up, but tilted at a sharp angle.

Maisie, who had banged into the windshield, lifted her head from the floor. "I say! Chin up, old boy!"

"Don't move, anyone," said Paul. "Any move could turn us over."

Ned was quite satisfied not to move. As they had gone through the fence he had seized Greta in his arms and held tightly. She seemed content with the arrangement for the moment.

Maisie was quite chirpy. "Dashed good show, old boy!"

## The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

IT'S nice to be tan, but sunburn is rarely much fun, and if it's bad enough it can make one really ill. The first excursion out into the summer sun can be so planned as to be fun yet not bring with it the unpleasant aftermath of blistered shoulders and a sleepless night.

When children are older, they can learn to take care not to expose themselves too long to the rays of the sun, but younger fry excited at the prospect of digging in sand and playing in water will have a harder time.

A thin shirt over the bathing suit will help considerably. Another bit of protection will be provided by a large piece of canvas fastened to sticks over the place where youngsters are playing.

Time off for reading stories

Jolly old presence of mind! Though practically ruining the pater's car!"

The door behind her swung open and she fell out backward.

"Maisie!" Paul made a scrambling leap after her and went crashing down the hill. The car had stopped on a shoulder. Below them the ground sloped steeply — too steeply, apparently, for a person to stand without support.

"I remember this place," said Ned. "There is a sort of creek at the bottom. What'll you bet Paul will find it?"

"Weren't you scared?" she asked.

"Petrified."

They could hear Paul sliding and crashing and yelling for Maisie. "Reminds me of that song where the chap



Commonsense can avoid this

under the shelter of the canvas or large umbrella can do on the time of sun exposure. For the first few times, at least, the length of the stay at the beach should be shortened.

Prospects of an ice-cream treat or some other special pleasure will help youngsters drag themselves away from the fun they are having.

is chasing through the swamp, looking for Chloë."

Maisie began to yelp like a poisoned pup. "Oh, help, somebody! Help!"

Ned found a torch in the glove box and they went scrambling down through the trees. There was indeed a creek at the bottom and Paul had indeed found it.

It is a very trying experience to fall down a muddy hillside in the pitch dark into a creek, and, when they got him out, Paul was furious.

"If anyone makes one crack, I will hit him over the head with this segment of tree!" He sneezed violently. "Gosh, I believe I'm catching pneumonia!"

The wedding was to be on Saturday. On Friday, Greta



"It's all right. He's an old beau of mine."

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would not go out with Ned, nor would she have dinner with him.

"Why won't you have dinner with me and let Maisie have dinner with Paul?"

"She wouldn't."

"Wouldn't she! She asked him, but he said he wouldn't go out of the house."

Click went her phone.

At eleven o'clock that night, being restless, he went for a walk, and his feet took him straight to the house where Greta was staying. He stood in the street and looked up at her lighted window—he supposed it was her window; he didn't know.

She was suddenly beside him, holding an umbrella. "It's raining."

He hadn't noticed.

"And you've been standing here getting soaked."

"I was thinking. When we children really get cracking—"

She closed his hand firmly in the umbrella handle. "Good-night, and thanks for all those things you said." She looked up at him smiling. "Thanks for the beautiful nonsense."

"It wasn't nonsense." He kissed her.

## Continuing . . . Substitute Groom

"It has to be nonsense. Good-night, Ned."

He intended not to go with in a mile of the wedding. But he was there, in festive raiment and a heart like a scuttling of coal. Maisie found him sitting on the stairs, Maisie was having trouble with her feelings.

"I've been saying good-bye to Paul," she said, sitting down. "So cute in his little top hat. It seems strange that I won't be getting engaged to him again."

"Is there any way of stopping the wedding?"

"No," said Maisie. "Well, what do we do—sit around and wait for the divorce?"

There was one thing he could do. He went down to the kitchen and found two glasses and a bottle of champagne and brought them back to Maisie. "Here's to the groom. I don't wish him any bad luck, but may he fall down and break his neck."

"Not break it; just give it a good knock."

They sat there and drank the champagne, squeezed up against the banisters while the house filled with guests, and

ushers went springing up and down on important errands.

Someone above hissed at them. "Hey, you two, clear the way for the bride!"

They scrambled up, forgetting, in their haste, one of the champagne glasses.

Hope in a lover's heart dies slowly. Ned stood at the post at the foot of the stairs, not having given up on a miracle. The minister stood before the bower of flowers with his book ready.

The groom, not having caught pneumonia, only a slight chill, was in position, flanked by the best man, a nervous character who was trembling like an aspen. The music of the wedding march pealed out and all heads turned to the stairs down which the bride would come.

Greta appeared at the top of the stairs on the arm of her cousin. She was a beautiful bride. She paused for a moment and her eyes rested on Ned. She moved on, put her foot on an overturned glass which someone had left on the stairs, and fell headlong, in a shocking somersaulting fall, all the way down the stairs, and the cousin, who made a gallant effort to save her, went along too.

Women screamed and men rushed to the foot of the stairs. Greta appeared to have lost all interest in the proceedings.

Doctor Dalgattie made a quick examination. His opinion was that there would be no wedding bells to-day.

At nine o'clock that evening, Ned, who had not been able to eat or sleep or even sit down properly, got a phone call from Maisie, who seemed in good spirits.

"I've got Paul in bed. I'm nursing him."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's got a temperature of a hundred and two. At least he thinks it's a hundred and two. I took it with that thermometer I bought in Paris that nobody but me can read. The point is, I've got him out of circulation. Now get going."

"Where's Greta?"

"They took her home an hour ago."

He phoned the house and got a polite but firm refusal. Greta was not to be disturbed, the cousin said, not even for a matter of life and death.

He walked round to the house. At least he could have a look at her window. A light rain began to fall; he walked up and down, not noticing . . .

"It's keeping me poor buying your umbrellas," she said. "Here."

He was startled. "Hey, you're supposed to have a concussion! You're supposed to be in bed!"

"Want me to go back to bed?"

They walked along under the umbrella.

"It doesn't take much to make me happy," he said. "A little rain. An umbrella."

"Last night I couldn't sleep," she said. "I suppose you would say it was my subconscious trying to get through to me. At last I said, 'I'll give it the old Sunappi test.' So I named a clothes brush for Paul, and put it in a kitchen drawer full of knives and scissors, and shut my eyes and grabbed." She held up a bandaged finger.

"So I said to myself, 'If you were a Sunappi Indian, my girl, you'd be marrying the wrong man.' In the morning I didn't know what to do. I didn't know what to do till the last moment, when I came

## ★ As I read the stars ★

★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Don't start anything, November 11, when there's a hoodoo on any enterprise. November 12 is Aries Day; you can't go wrong. Relax November 15.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): All dressed up to step out, November 12? Appointments may be cancelled at the last minute, through no fault of yours. November 15 favors romantic dates, good times.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): November 11 is a poor day to make requests or seek your fortune in the business world, but November 14 holds out a helping hand in the market-place.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): Many a Cancer native will find November 12 a day to remember. A love affair, a long desired present, an invitation to a wonderful party could mark it. November 17 intriguing.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Although November 15 is fine for most kinds of activity there is some danger of minor accidents. November 17 starts an entirely new chapter.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): You'll waste time if you worry over developments, November 11. Put your wits to work and solve a problem on the morning of November 14.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): Avoid, if possible, doing business with a woman, November 12, or disappointment may follow. November 15 could provide a mixture of profit and fun.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): Should November 11 let you down, November 15 and 16 certainly give you a lift. Push your personal interests, confident that victory is yours whether in love or money.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Sagittarians may have a good laugh all to themselves, November 12. Caution in traffic is advised, November 16, also attention to health.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Something brewing, November 11, 12? Provided you play your cards shrewdly, November 15 could turn into a Capricorn triumph in almost any field.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): Chief emphasis is on activity away from home. Your social or financial standing may be affected, November 14, but November 17 is smooth sailing.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): Resolutions made November 15 should be carried out. You could swing open the gate to a new world, November 16, with kindness and generosity to others.

down the stairs and saw you standing there. Then, luckily, I tripped on something. So I just took a dive."

"You might have broken your neck."

"Oh, no; I was in the gym tenn at school. But poor Willie cracked three ribs."

He wasn't interested in Cousin Willie's ribs.

"Too bad you didn't give me the old Sunappi test, too."

"I did. You passed. So if we were Sunappi Indians, it would all be simple."

He stopped walking. "I've something to tell you. I survived that massacre. I'm the last of the Sunappis."

"Hurrah!" she said.

(Copyright)

### A PAYING PROPOSITION

ONE branch of the Commonwealth Government, the Social Services Department, finds that making cripples fit isn't only humane; it pays big dividends as well.

Take the case of Norah Elliott, a Sydney typist who was knocked over by a car as she went home from work one day. She came out of hospital with a stiff leg and splitting headaches.

She got a sickness benefit of 25/- a week, paid no tax, and, at 20, was a dead loss to the community.

Thirty years ago she would probably have finished in a home for incurables. In 1950, Social Services, long familiar with rehabilitation for ex-servicemen, sent her to a home in Sydney (it has them in every State), slowly cured her, and sent her back to work.

Treatment costs money, of course, but with cases like this Social Services reckons it can make as much as 4000 per cent. profit. The full story is told in *AM*, for November, now on sale.

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# Daughter of the House

**MAURA DE COURCEY** finds her little week-end cottage a welcome relief from the strain of her legal work in London and the over-possessiveness of her father, **SIR DESMOND DE COURCEY**.

A brilliant and impressive lawyer, Sir Desmond has always ruled the lives of Maura and her brother, **CHRIS**, and has determined that Maura shall marry her cousin, Tom.

At the cottage, Maura enjoys the relaxation of sailing and the pleasant friendliness of **JEREMY** and his wife, **WILLA**, proprietors of the local inn, *The Stag*.

Towards the end of summer, Maura meets Americans **JOHNNIE SEDLEY** and his pretty wife, **IRENE**. Maura and Johnnie are instantly attracted to one another. They have a mutual interest in sailing, and after a few meetings they realise that they are in love. **NOW READ ON.**



**W**ILLA had drawn her chair close to the fire they had lit against the chill of the wind which rose from the Stour. Occasionally she prodded with her foot the piles of white ash which had collected on the stone hearth. They were burning Maura's store of driftwood; the flames which shot upwards were violent, incredible colors—as mad and improbable as a winter sunset.

Maura sat on a low stool close to her feet; the heat had slightly scorched her cheeks until they were flushed to unaccustomed brightness. Watching her, Willa was moved to wonder at what it was that so claimed her thoughts, what had caused the shade of preoccupation, almost apathy, which had fallen across her face.

She voiced at last the thought which had been uppermost in her mind since she had entered the cottage. "I'll miss you terribly," she said. "The winter is so long here—nothing to break it up."

Maura glanced at her, struggling to remove the fog of dullness from her eyes.

"I know," she said lifelessly. "I can't stop myself wondering what will have happened to me—to all of us—before I come back again in the spring."

Willa's face twisted strangely. "I wish you weren't going. I wish it wasn't the last time." She sat forward, closer to Maura.

The other stirred. "Willa—"

"Yes?"

"You're happy here? You're quite happy?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Why?" Maura shrugged vaguely. "I suppose I wonder if you're not sometimes restless and lonely. I think I distrust your contentment, and wonder if it's as true as it seems."

"Yes, I'm happy." She spoke without false emphasis, as if there was no need to point up her words. "How could it be otherwise when I remember what it was like during the war? I never believed marriage could last through a time like that and settle down afterwards to the ordinary, blessedly monotonous existence we have now."

Without looking directly at her, Maura caught the faint and uncertain movement of the other's hands, as if she groped in the air before her for the words she sought.

"I used to wonder how our marriage would turn out." Willa went on. "I'd never known Jeremy when he wasn't in submarines, and drinking all the time he was ashore. It was a marriage made when we were all afraid and unsure. How right it would seem later, when there was no more danger or uncertainty, was something we had to risk."

Her face relaxed into a look of wonderful tenderness.

"Jeremy's happy—I know that. It's right for him here, Maura, and I think he realises it. An occasional flutter at Newmarket and a day in London are the extent of his excesses. And for myself"—she shook her head—"I polish glasses and clean tables in the bar, and I wouldn't care if I never had another exciting moment in all my whole life."

Maura listened, touching the fire gently with a poker. A magnificence of color sprang out briefly and died again. For just a moment she was fiercely envious of the content in Willa's voice, of the serenity of her eyes.

She said quietly, poker still in hand and her eyes fixed upon the bright blaze, "Willa, I must tell you something."

"What is it?"

She laid down the poker and turned. "I've decided I'm going to marry Tom."

Willa fixed her gaze thoughtfully upon Maura, watched the color come and then drain sharply away from the other's cheeks. She saw the determination there, the touch of arrogance, and she knew it was pride which held Maura's eyes upon hers, would not release her until she had spoken.

She said quietly, "I'm glad, Maura. You and Tom—I think you're right for each other."

Maura turned back to the fire, speaking quickly, "Yes, we'll suit each other well enough. Cousins, at least, have the advantage of a common background—we'll know what to expect from each other."

"It will please your father."

Maura caught her words eagerly. "Yes... yes, it will please father. He's always hoped it might happen... always said he knew what was good for me. He's tried so often to make me realise one can't expect too much from marriage."

"Expect too much?" Willa spoke sharply. "What do you expect?"

Maura shrugged. "I don't quite know. Perhaps I've thought there ought to be something different about marriage. Something exciting and challenging which kept one looking forward to to-morrow. I begin to see now one is lucky to achieve a passive kind of happiness."

"There's nothing passive about happiness. It won't stay static, either. It's got to be worked at all the time." Willa's tone abruptly took an edge of authority. "Have you really much idea what you're talking about? Marriage isn't a matter of knowing what to expect from each other, or of easy phrases about passive happiness, either."

"But remember, Willa, all marriages are not like yours and Jeremy's. You've got to try to come down to other people's level. I suppose there does exist for

everyone the one person with whom it might have been possible to have this... ideal of mine. The chances are a million to one you'll ever meet him—or if you do it's probably too late."

Willa said quickly, "Maura, what are you talking about?"

She answered flatly. "I'm in love with Johnnie."

She repeated her words, but they were now a wild outcry against the suddenness and tyranny of her love.

"Oh, Willa—do you realise what's happened to me? I'm in love with Johnnie."

Willa's hands fell limply into her lap. "What will you do?"

"Do?" Maura bent her head with a gesture of pain. "What else can I do but what I've decided?"

Willa's voice was low with distress. "But are you sure? How can you know you love him? You've known him for only a week."

"Does that matter?" Maura demanded. "Does that matter in the least? Time isn't a measure of loving. How long did it take you to decide you loved Jeremy?"

Willa swept aside the question. "And what of Johnnie?"

Maura's head rested in her hands. "He loves me—I'm sure of that. This afternoon—we both knew it. It was there as plainly as anything that was ever put into words. But he won't say anything. Neither of us will."

"Do you think," Willa broke out, "that marrying Tom is going to help you forget this?"

"I don't want to escape the memory of loving him. That's part of it."

"That's not fair to Tom. You're not a good liar, Maura. You can't pretend to love him."

"There will be no pretence. Tom knows that I don't love him. He doesn't expect my love because he has none—except the affection we have for each other—he has no love to give himself."

She went on, "He has told me about it. He was in love with a girl in Italy during the war. I imagine it was the greatest and most wonderful thing that ever happened to Tom. She was killed—and Tom being what he is, he knows he'll never love like that again."

Suddenly Willa cried out, "A marriage can't be made like that—in cold blood. You must think about it—at least you must tell Tom about Johnnie and give him the chance of making the decision himself."

Maura said dully, "There is no need for Tom to know. I mean never to see Johnnie again."

Willa's agitation dropped to a faint despair. She knew the look of near-obstinacy which possessed Maura's face. Foolish and impulsive at times, she was never more

so than at this moment, or never, perhaps, so appealing.

But she was courageous, and she had faith in herself and Tom to make this marriage. There were resources in each of them to meet the demands of the other.

She reflected that if only these two had been able to love each other, then marriage between them would have been something of worth. But they would go on giving the best of their passion and tenderness to their separate and vanished ideals. It all seemed such a terrible waste.

Willa knew there was no more to say about it. Maura, in a mood like this, was beyond persuasion. She said quietly, "To-morrow is your last day—you'll go sailing alone?"

Maura nodded. "It's much better that way. I've promised myself I'll never see him again. I'll be leaving here as soon as it's daylight on Monday."

The words already contained the note of her departure. They almost seemed the herald of the winter, the long months which somehow

must be lived through. Maura threw some more wood on the fire, and they watched—each absorbed by the thoughts which ran between them—as the flames clatched the dry edge of the sticks.

The wind flowed softly around the house, its sharper gusts a faint echo of Willa's sigh. They knew they needed the comfort of each other, feeling vaguely that beyond this one hour, beyond even the circle of the firelight, there was waiting for them more events that they could for the moment comprehend.

Unwilling, perhaps unable, to move, they remained there as long as the pile of driftwood lasted.

There was plenty of time all that next day aboard Rainbird for Maura to think about her decision to marry Tom.

It was a day of wind and sun-catspaws of wind which darkened and ruffled the water of the river long distances ahead, a day which brought a light of bliss to Peter Brown's eyes as they slipped off on a lee tide.

**Second instalment of a six-part serial by CATHERINE GASKIN**





"It's Maura!" Irene cried, clutching Johnnie's arm excitedly as the four came face to face.

There had been many mornings like this in Maura's life—like this one, but possessed of the infinite variety of winds and tide and sky known to a sailor. But as the wooded banks slipped by her mind was back with all those other mornings of sailing with Tom and his father, Gerald, among the islands and bays of the Irish coast.

Much of Maura's childhood memories belonged with Tom and with the leisured busyness of holidays at Rathbeg. Desmond's cousin, Gerald, had given all that crowded world of horses and dogs, farm and garden, to Maura and Chris to love and possess in no less a degree than his own children.

Chris was the chosen companion of Harry, Tom's younger brother, and to them belonged the silent and concentrated hours of fishing in Harry's dark and beloved little mountain lakes, where rising trout made the only ripples on those still waters.

Between all four of them existed a deep, but casual and undemonstrative, friendship. The only awkwardness they had known was in their opposite religions.

The essential difference in the fathers of Desmond and Gerald lay

back uncounted generations ago, when Cromwell had sacked the country. Gerald's ancestor had turned Protestant—the story told against them was that it was to keep a favorite thoroughbred mare rather than for the sake of their farmlands.

Desmond was a descendant of a Catholic rebel patriot who had been executed. He had left one son, Desmond's grandfather. Desmond himself had been the youngest of eight children, and could remember too vividly the overcrowding of the tiny farmhouse where he had grown up and the wretched and paltry yield of its infertile acres.

He had hated the barren hillslopes he had helped to farm and the quarrelling, noisy life of the farmhouse. His escape to a law course at Trinity had been made on money borrowed by his mother and a scholarship which his brilliance had won even against the prejudice aroused by his religion.

When his children, Maura and Chris, had been old enough he had sent them on visits, not to his own brothers but to his cousin Gerald, at Rathbeg, in order that they should learn of the kind of Irish life he had never known.

Maura guessed that, almost since she was a child, Desmond hoped for

a marriage between herself and Tom.

But, perversely it seemed to Desmond, as they grew older they grew a little apart—not less friendly, but as the range of their interests widened they were less absorbed in each other.

Tom had come to London and joined the Army at the outbreak of war, and Desmond had thrown them together with cool deliberation all during the period while Tom waited for his posting to North Africa. His disappointment was plain when Tom went away and there was no talk of an engagement.

Chris followed Tom's division out to the desert, and also to Italy. He was with Tom when the news came that Harry had been killed in the Normandy landings, and only his hurried, unpolished letters could tell them of Tom's grief.

And it was Chris who wrote to them that Tom had been seriously wounded in the fighting on the Gothic Line. It was a head wound which didn't heal quickly, and he was sent back to England when he could be moved.

Maura called a brief order to Peter as they made for the mouth of Harwich harbour. Outside the

breeze hardened, but, with no signs of bad weather about, she gave in to Peter's demands that they keep heading north.

Her mind was with Tom and on the months following Chris' letter to her, begging her to see Tom as much as possible, and telling, though briefly, of the Italian girl whom Tom had loved. She had been killed, he wrote, in a raid on Florence.

Maura gazed about the expanse of hard, glittering sky which surrounded her, remembering how it had been when Tom came back. She was unprepared for the austere changes which the years of absence had made in his handsome face, and wondered why she had never before seen the fineness and strength of his hands.

He talked much of Harry and he talked of Rathbeg. Here his love was passionate and voluble—his plans for Rathbeg and his longing to return there.

When he was discharged, Maura went with him and stayed some weeks at Rathbeg.

There he talked of the girl, Gena, whom he had loved. He talked of her one evening as they walked on the flat shores of the lake, with the

mountains behind them leaning backwards into the autumn haze.

There seemed little to tell her—they had been in love, wildly in love, but she had refused to marry him, feeling the thread of war binding them together more strongly than would be so in peace-time, afraid of the regrets which might come to them when they faced the end of the war and his return to England. She had been simple and very proud, he said.

His face, as he talked, had been aflame with memory, animated and stirred as Maura had never before in her life seen it. She knew, despite the few words in which he had chosen to tell her the story of his love, that all the vitality of his nature had been poured into it. Having loved once in that fashion she knew it would never return for him again.

Never, it seemed to Maura, had the Irish countryside been more lovely than during those weeks—the sky more tenderly stooped towards the mountains, the lake throwing back their reflection more softly. Never before had the wild, lonely bird-calls been so haunting, so much far-away magic.

They rode often in the grey Irish rain of the autumn, and out in the



hay in Rainbird they watched the mist come swirling down from the highest peaks over Rathbeg and its wide stretch of land, roll out across the water towards them.

The days dropped away swiftly to the end of Maura's stay. Her visit ended with Gerald's promise that she should have Rainbird for her own—they would sail her to England in the spring, he said.

She felt the deck of Rainbird firmly beneath her feet now, and remembered that it had all happened four years ago; in that time Tom had come to England to study agriculture, and at the end of his course had taken a job in the Ministry.

Gerald had to be content with Tom's explanation that he was going to learn all that anyone could teach him about farming. He planned to go back to Ireland in the summer—and he wanted Maura to marry him then.

She knew that Tom loved her, not in any passionate sense but because he loved no other woman. They could trust each other, knew one another's mind with pleasing thoroughness. There was sureness and serenity in the life they would have together.

But as yet she had hung back from a definite promise to marry him. She hung back because on that one occasion when he had revealed his love for the unknown Italian girl she had seen for the first time what love might be.

And now, in loving Johnnie, she knew what it was she had desired. In this single span of time—swift enough to count the days upon her two hands—she had tasted the full measure of love and had learned that she would never know its like again. She would go on loving Johnnie without purpose, without hope.

Suddenly looking up and catching sight of Peter Brown's young and untroubled face, sharp now with a kind of ecstasy and wet with spray from the short, sharp waves which the steadily hardening wind had begun to kick up, she suffered a twist of almost unbearable pain.

## Continuing . . . Daughter of the House

The light had gone from the sky when Rainbird entered the estuary again. Darkness fell rapidly, wrapping the shallows and mud-flats in shadows, and only where the banks sloped up sharply were the outlines of the trees blacker than the sky.

Maura looked at them, her mind and body aching from the battle she had fought all day with the pain of losing Johnnie and the anguish of her decision.

She could not remember having eaten or drunk all that day, but Peter's calmness told her that somehow she had managed to give no strong indication of the incredible tumult in her heart. But the storm had exhausted her. Her one desire was to sleep and be allowed to forget her pain.

They had a fair breeze, and Rainbird slipped quickly up the river. Peter paddled around the deck with soft movements, preparing to anchor when they reached Able's boatshed. Maura caught sight of his face and knew his expression—a sober and regretful reflection that he would not sail again until the spring.

She tossed a half-smile of affection and understanding towards him, and he responded. At that moment they rounded a bend in the river, and Able's anchorage came into sight.

Johnnie stood with a lamp beside the closed door of the boatshed. The sight of him struck her with terrible familiarity, brought flooding back into her brain all the emotions she had believed were lost in her weariness. She was tired, but now immensely alive again—alert with an impossible, blinding alertness.

"Ahoy, there!" Peter's high young voice drifted over the water.

Johnnie slipped into a dinghy and rowed out to them. Peter greeted him cheerfully with a swift account of the day's sailing. Johnnie returned his greeting mechanically, turning as he did so towards Maura and raising his lamp high so

that its rays lit his face as well as her own.

His eyes questioned her. The air of defeat and hopelessness which hung about him was mercilessly plain to her. She knew that he also had spent a day of unfruitful turmoil.

They exchanged a few commonplace words, then all three set to work in silence. When Rainbird was ready they loaded the dinghies with gear. Peter rowed the smaller one, Johnnie and Maura took Rainbird's own.

Ashore, they secured the boats above the high-water line, and Peter started up the hill towards the main road quickly. He was catching the last bus from the village to Dedham. Maura and Johnnie, their arms loaded with gear, followed him. Calling over his shoulder to them, Peter talked with deliberate cheerfulness of his return to school.

"It's been a terrific summer," he said. In the darkness Maura could sense that he was smiling towards her. "Seems ages before we'll have Rainbird out again, doesn't it?" He paused, then added swiftly, "You'll be still wanting crew next summer, Maura?"

"You know I depend on you, Peter."

"Thanks." Then he added, "Look, I'll have to dash. The bus will be along any second now. See you in the spring, Maura." He dumped the gear he carried into Johnnie's arms. "Good-bye, Johnnie." He sped on ahead and out of sight.

Now they were alone and each was afraid of the other's silence, and still afraid to speak. Their tiny span of time was drawing to an end; they were each pitifully conscious of the minutes running out, slipping away from them. Yet there was nothing special to do, or to say.

They couldn't speak of their love, so they walked on with the night close about them and the anguish of their hearts and minds much louder than words.

At the cottage, Johnnie helped her to stow the gear in the hall.

"You're leaving early in the morning?" he asked.

"As early as possible. I'll have to get a day's work in at the Chambers."

She was glad of the dignity they both found to resist senseless questionings. She stood by the open door. "Good-bye, Johnnie."

He held out his hand. "Good-bye, Maura."

The light contact of their hands was a swift undoing. Johnnie stared at her with an expression of uncertainty, then caught her in his arms. When he kissed her, it was the kiss that all these minutes of silence had led up to. It was a kiss of passion, and still one of farewell.

Then abruptly he stepped away from her, turned, and walked down the path. It was too dark to see him go, but she heard the sound of the gate as it closed behind him.

SIR Desmond de Courcy walked up the steps of his home and let himself in with his latchkey. The door swung behind him with a loud noise, and the man, Simpson, was in the hall immediately.

"Good-evening, Simpson. Is Miss Maura in?"

"Good-evening, Sir Desmond. Miss Maura arrived about an hour ago."

"Good . . . good! Where is she . . . in the drawing-room?"

Simpson took the discarded hat and gloves. "I believe she's upstairs, Sir Desmond. She mentioned being tired and talked of having a rest."

A flush rose on Desmond's face. He half-hesitated, and then said, "Can you tell me if her car came back?"

"Oh, yes, sir. She put it away in the garage after she had left her bags."

"And Mister Chris—has he been in?"

"He's been in, sir, and left again."

"Thank you."

Communication between the master and servant was sparse. Desmond's servants were always highly paid, efficient, and anonymous. He had chosen to have them that way, and so he turned and mounted the stairs, and he was lonely.

All day, he had treasured a promise to himself of an hour alone before dinner with Maura and Chris. And they unknowingly had failed him. He knew his resentment was unreasonable, and disliked it the more for that. Pouring himself a whisky, he felt tired and dissatisfied.

Children were the very devil, he thought. He settled firmly in the chair before the window which gave him a view of the sunlit park and the crowds on the edges of the lake. There were sailing boats out—the season had lasted much longer this year, and he calculated that the man who hired them out had made money.

This was the park when it belonged to the crowd, not the view he had paid for when he bought the house. Desmond wanted no feeling of belonging to the crowd.

The thought brought him back to Maura and Chris again, for now they seemed identified with that indifferent crowd, drifting past his very windows and caring nothing for him. Chris gone out again—Maura lying upstairs when she must surely realise how much he wanted to talk with her, how long the ten days of her absence had been to him.

He resented even the mishap which had brought her home at this hour instead of having the day at the Chambers as she had planned. At nine-thirty, when he had reached his rooms, she had been on the phone to tell him her car had broken down near Colchester and she was waiting to have it repaired.

Impossible old car, he had thought, but he wasn't going to buy her a new one to have rattacking down to that country cottage every time she had a free half-hour.

Unwillingly he had agreed it was better that she wait than come on by train. But having counted upon her presence, he had missed her keenly all that day. His sense of grievance grew stronger.

Chris also was at fault—leaving the Chambers before he himself did, coming home to shave and change, and going already to pick up Marion. He guessed that they would have it as late as possible before dinner to return to the house.

They would go whenever it was they went to drink, probably to some dark little pub, and they would sit there talking about things that concerned themselves and certainly not him. It left him so much alone here—alone and sitting here like a fool awaiting Maura's pleasure.

He twisted in his chair, turning his back upon the glories of the lake and the edge of the throng. There was such simplicity in Desmond's nature, and the room now before him gave him supreme satisfaction.

He knew it was beautiful, and he knew it represented all the things he had made from his life. He did not despise himself because this room was the showplace of his achievements and possessions—his own created world in which he chose to dwell.

There were two mirrors to reflect the scene, to reflect Desmond himself as he sat there. They diminished it all—the room was compact and minute like a doll's house, and he a tiny stuffed figure in his chair. It seemed as if he gazed apart himself from a very far distance and from a past time.

Unbidden, the subject of Maura and Tom came to him, and he tried to thrust it from his thoughts. He rose with a faint gesture of irritation to pour himself another drink, but



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## Continuing . . . . Daughter

the action helped him not at all.

What obstinacy, he reflected, could possibly keep them apart, who seemed made for each other, whose thoughts fitted together with an invariable ease? Could they be such fools as not to see what lay before their own noses?

He frowned down at the glass in his hand, and it was a very moderate helping of whisky he took—less than he would have liked. Then he strode across the room and opened the door. There was no sound from the landing above, where Maura's room was. He advanced halfway up the flight of stairs.

"Maura—Maura, are you awake?"

Her voice came to him, indistinct behind the closed door. "Coming, Father. Be with you in a minute."

Gratified, he returned to his seat in the drawing-room, first selecting and pouring the pale sherry he always kept for Maura. He added the other half of the whisky to his own glass.

She came quite soon. He heard her step on the stairs and then saw her in the red gown which had been his gift. He looked at her with satisfaction, believing that such colors were made for dark women and that if Maura didn't have beauty there were other ways of making her memorable.

She bent to kiss him. "Have I been ages? I meant to be here when you came in. But lying down was fatal—it was almost impossible to get up."

As she spoke she moved to the table where the glass awaited her. It was a movement of long custom, and something in it warmed Desmond's senses. In it he saw the love between them which had established such routine, her unspoken love which accepted and conformed to his desires.

"My darling, I'm used to waiting upon my children."

She smiled at him, because she knew he expected it. And she said, "It's good to be home," because this also was expected. "The cottage is shut now—I won't go back until the spring."

His returning good-humor swept him warmly.

"It's always good to be home," he said. "These weekend places are all right, but one needs a home. You've got to have a place where you know you belong."

And then he saw, looking at her face, that his words had been wrong. They had wounded her in some unexpected fashion, and his pleasure was grown cold. She wore an expression of grieving and bewilderment, as if she were utterly lost to him. It terrified him, this alien waywardness. He wanted to stretch out his hand to her, his best-loved child, and call her to him.

As if fearing him she had turned towards the window, so that the expression, Maura's very self, was hidden from him.

"Has work been heavy at the Chambers while I was away?" was all she said.

Helpless and afraid, he was forced to answer as she compelled him to.

The El Greco burned brilliantly against the white wall. Tom gazed at it, finding there a passion and still a perfect detachment, a quiet grief which smote him each time he saw it. The saint's figure was human and tired.

Desmond had hung it bravely in the bare white dining-room, permitting no other color to detract from it. Theatrical it might have been in effect, but the picture withstood that criticism. It remained there, giving a point to that austerity of white, magnificently alive,

and Desmond's stroke of balance was justified.

Tom could only turn from to Desmond himself, who sat with a woman on each side of him, bending towards them from his height. He was splendidly handsome, Tom thought.

His head was flung back occasionally as he talked, and the white hair upon it seemed real, too thick, too crisp. It was easily the most remarkable person of the ten who sat around the table; even the high cheeked face of the Judge.

Maura's right grew less distinguished beside Desmond.

Well aware of his power, Desmond accepted it naturally—and the small, pleased murmurs of the women beside him had long been a part of his life.

Tom knew all this, but knew also, much more about Desmond than many other people. Gerald's memories of his cousin at Trinity were clear and true, and he had related them as his son. The great ball of a young man desperately in a case, with the unconscious of the farm-house and the school hardly yet touched by awe.

This much his father had told him, and the evidence of how far from that point Desmond had come was more astonishing to Tom because of his greater knowledge of the man.

He was essentially single. Tom thought, with the guiding motives of his life clear and easily discovered by anyone who sought them. He cared only for his work and his children.

People—ordinary people—touched him hardly at all; he was impersonally solicitous of his servants and employees, kind to them, but barely able to distinguish between them, admittedly uninterested in them as personalities.

All his curiosity about people, all his passion and imagination were consumed in Maura and Chris. Even the realization of what further ambitions were still left to him became a burden on them; he would accept, in time, a place on the Bench, and they would feel he had done so to please them.

There came the short interruption of the women's departure, the scraping of chairs, and the sounds of their voices on the stairs. Then the men drew together, close about Desmond, and Tom sat back in his chair, striving to escape the fumes of the Judge's cigar.

The fifth man present, a tired, burned-up little man with brilliant eyes, a patient whom Desmond had met in Italy, tossed a conversational opening to Tom, who followed it listlessly. He felt sorry for the man, who knew would undoubtedly try to sell some pictures to Desmond and who was now so obviously at ease in the chilling, slightly overpowering company of the Judge.

Tom blew his cigarette smoke high, leaned further back and studied the Florentine, his nervous gesture with his dislike of the port. He wished he felt more inclined to talk, but his mind was following the quiet and unspoken battle which Chris, beside him, was losing.

Chris' fair and handsome face—Tom sometimes thought it absurdly babyish—was flushed and earnest. How was it, Tom wondered, that with the experience of a war behind him Chris could still wear that expression of a child's naivete?

"Wait a while, Chris," the Judge was saying. He was in his English fashion, indifferent to the presence of the little Florentine across the table.

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Matron Shaw, well-known Matron of the famous Crown Street Women's Hospital, Sydney, recommends the new White Beutrons. This is what Matron Shaw says: "Nurses' uniforms need this type of button which will stand up to hard wear and hospital laundering. I consider Beutron White Buttons most satisfactory."



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# of the House

the one person who had possibly not been aware, since his arrival in the house, that Chris was engaged to the Judge's daughter.

Desmond did not hasten to take down his glass, but still he gave his son no time to speak before him.

"I think it's wiser, Chris. In two years your position will be immeasurably better. Marion is a sensible child—she knows what these early years mean to a barrister." Desmond gave the latest nod of deference towards the Judge. "None should know better than Marion."

Seeing Chris' dumb and impassive rebellion, Tom was sorry for him and for the fate of that love, so recently known between himself and Marion. They would wait, Chris and Marion, because they were weaker, so much weaker, than the two who now decided for them. But in the time of waiting their love would be tested and strained as it should not be.

They were slight creatures, both of them, too easily swayed by the forces now lined against them. They were in love, a conventional, romantic love, unpassioned and slightly timid—and they should marry, and live their happiness.

But they were here, caught in this intrigue of Desmond's insistent possession of his son, and they wavered and lost before it. Shrugging his shoulders, Chris gave up the struggle, and Tom, seeing the gesture, was disturbed and irritated.

Maura would not thus have them. He wished now that some sudden, wild visitation of her strength could have claimed Chris and made him cast away the prudence of their advice. But nothing happened—merely went on eating silently at the table, until the men rose and went to join the women in the drawing-room.

Tom's gaze fell upon Maura, looking beneath the Rembrandt which her mother had bought in the first year of her marriage. She talked earnestly to the Florentine's young wife. They had grouped themselves there, both dark—but unlike in the contrast of their pale blue and white skins.

In that brief moment of entering the room Tom saw them, the two women unconsciously posed, and the third, the painted one, smiling above their heads. Then the composition of the piece was broken by the easier movement of the Florentine towards his wife and the comfortable familiarity of the talk.

Maura stayed with them only five seconds. She turned then towards Tom, and he came to her, laying his hand gently and substantially upon her arm, and leading her towards the windows. She chose the chair, half-turned to view the room, which Desmond had sat in earlier that evening.

There her stillness was almost the stillness of the portrait, something betaken to herself to shut away the low sound of talk in the room, the disappointed, unhappy face of Chris shut away the story that Desmond was relating to the young woman who with Marion's mother had shared her conversation at dinner.

Tom knew that for some reason Maura was in revolt against all of it, against this life of her father's, the adornment of the wear, which were his life, against the close, oppressive of his love.

Why, he wondered, had Desmond not seen this in her face, why on this day of her return had he not known the change there? Surely love like his could not gaze unseeing at her, nor sense this new demand of her nature. She was looking

for something, or someone—even, he thought, with her still body and eyes she was searching.

Or perhaps the search was already ended and only its memories disturbed her. Whatever it was, whatever had happened to change her in the ten days of her absence, this newly awakened life appeared strongly to all that was left of adventure in him.

The Florentine had asked Desmond to play, and the room fell silent as he took his seat at the piano. It was typical of him that he didn't flinch from the virtuoso thunder of the Brahms-Paganini variations—someone less confident would have hesitated, but he didn't.

Tom watched his body bent slightly back from the keyboard, listened to the early development of the theme, as sharp and clear as a carillon of bells, but all the time he was outside the music, and his thoughts with Maura, and the change he found in her.

At length, he leaned towards her and spoke, his voice lower than the sound of the music. "Maura."

"Yes?" she answered in a whisper.

"When can we be married?" "I think, Tom... whenever you like."

She had turned her face to him, and their eyes met in friendliness, and the little variation went on, more gentle and caressing than he had ever known it before.

Maura saw the first little curled brown leaves, wondering where and how Johnnie saw them. They circled above the lake in Regent's Park, and she wondered if he watched them drift down the tidal creeks of the Stour, past the sloping wooded banks, past Able's boat-shed, and disappear into the grey wide spaces of the estuary.

Was Johnnie still there, still listening to Irene playing at night in the bar of The Stag, or had his restlessness caught up with him and driven him out? Would he have wanted to stay, she wondered, now the East Anglian countryside was swept with winds from the North Sea?

The lights would be lit early at The Stag, and a fire in the grate where the chrysanthemums had flamed the first time she had seen him. Did Johnnie care for the tightening circle of acquaintanceship which winter brought to the inn—evenings no longer interrupted by casual visitors in cars which stopped for half an hour and were never seen again?

Or was he stifled by the closeness of that rural community, and were the villagers regarding him no more as a summer stranger and beginning to ask questions?

It would have been simple enough to have asked news of him from Willa, but merely knowing of him would not have stilled the disturbance of her heart or prevented the silent calling of his name.

She wondered if with greater knowledge they would have found each other less lovable, or if—as she hoped it might have been—their flaws slowly revealed might have drawn them closer.

Perhaps her brief memories had the unreality of perfection. There was too little that was ordinary about their ten days together, the one afternoon upon a hillside, the only kiss they had given each other. There had been no time for disenchantment or for the familiar to become commonplace.

Some day, she thought, she would tell Tom about Johnnie, perhaps when years of peace at Rathbeg had released her from the desperate want of him. Of Tom's understanding

she was sure—his own love had been given and spent in one complete gesture, so that only tolerance and generosity and affection remained.

She wished that Johnnie might have known Tom, have known what serenity lay ahead for her with him. It was comfort for her to reflect, during the short winter days when desire for Johnnie was sharp and unrelenting, that Tom's children would eventually and finally take his place in her thoughts.

The water of the lake glistened as Maura and her father stood on the bridge and watched it. They watched it in silence—in a half-lazy, half-weary silence which their walk and the sharpness of the cold air had brought them.

The light would be gone soon; the park was emptying of the people who had paced beneath the dripping trees an hour earlier, of the few children whose cries had broken the winter quiet. Desmond's gloved hand upon the rail lay motionless, as still as the duck upon the banks of that forlorn island in the lake.

Maura stared downwards, stared at the water which slipped beneath the bridge in slight movement. She knew that presently, when she lifted her head, she would see the lights in Hanover Terrace.

A man appeared on the path at the side of the lake; he bent his head into his overcoat, and his footsteps were hurried and unheeding of what was about him, as if the close of the day had caught him unaware and he was suddenly cold and irritable. At last they heard not even his footsteps, and the silence was complete.

It seemed strange to Maura that Desmond should utter the sigh which she had held back for his sake.

Instantly she turned to him. "What is it?"

**A**S though following a train of thought, Desmond said slowly, "My dear, Christmas and anniversaries are bad for sentimentalists. I'm not wise enough to look forward to more anniversaries, but always back—and that's bad, too."

"Why?"

"Why not?" He sighed again, exaggerated but effective. "My dear, can't you conceive of all the mistakes I've made—even all the ones I've made and have yet to find out about. It's hard on sentimentalists."

"Have there been mistakes—many?"

"Who knows that there haven't been? Mistakes with you and Chris... you might have been quite different."

"How different? You and I can stand here and say nothing and be happy with each other. Can there be a mistake about producing that?"

"Yes, I know... I know. Many of the things I've done have been right. Next Christmas you'll be with Tom at Rathbeg."

"I know..." Maura leaned against the rail, lost in a kind of momentary trance. This was a time in which her life seemed regulated and planned beyond her control, and there was nothing to do but slip along with it, quietly and easily.

The order of things was inescapable; growing up close to Tom, but needing to love Johnnie before her decision to marry could be made. And of all this Desmond standing here beside her went unaware, believing that his patient years of planning had come to their own inevitable conclusion. She pressed herself closely against the damp wooden rail, and closed her eyes.

Desmond felt the movement in her body and the shiver which followed it. He grasped the hand which lay near his,

and she opened her eyes quickly and turned to follow him as he began walking slowly from the bridge.

They had not gone any distance before they caught the sound of footsteps and voices behind them. They hesitated, not knowing, either of them, why they did so, except for the feeling that this was an intrusion on their privacy.

But it was momentary only, barely a pause in Desmond's movement; then as though impelled by a force she could not control, Maura turned to find herself facing Johnnie and Irene.

Irene spoke first. "Maura!" They could see that quick, instinctive clutching at Johnnie's arm. It was a gesture of excitement and surprise. "It's Maura!"

Maura's brain was dull and icy. She stared at Johnnie, wordless as he himself was, then she fumbled for words. "You're in London..." Then stupidly, clumsily, "I didn't expect..."

It was Desmond who calmed the panic which touched her. "My dear, I haven't met your friends."

"I'm sorry." She was calmer, almost apathetic, again watching events pass out of her hands, herself only the instrument to perform the introductions mechanically, knowing that someone else, Desmond, Irene, Johnnie, would shape this meeting, decide its outcome.

Fear washed about her, leaving her no other emotion but the desire to escape from all that was to come, all the future struggle, the pain, all the things that would spring from this meeting.

All the past months had been purposeless in their endeavor to leave Johnnie behind, because now, face to face, she found herself drawing in every detail of his appearance, searching his face for change, and being conscious through all this that their love had never lessened, but had lain waiting, treacherously it seemed, for their second meeting.

In fact, all the months might have been merely a preparation for this. The cold peace of the afternoon was roughly snatched away.

Maura turned her gaze away from Johnnie and looked at Irene. She stood with face upturned, wrapped in a fur coat which made her beauty exquisite, and talked to Desmond.

She answered his questions easily, questions about their stay at The Stag—and Johnnie and Maura stood silently beside them, quite apart from everything which Desmond and Irene found to say to each other.

Desmond was enormous beside her, and he was smiling down at the loveliness of her face in the dusk. Maura waited patiently and saw it happen; saw Desmond's capitulation to that beauty, to the unaffected sweetness of her voice and eyes, and for once she wished that Irene might have been dull and ugly, stupid, ungraceful.

Then Desmond might have let her go unregretfully, and she, Maura, need not see them again. But all this was impossible because Irene was beautiful and because the fact they were Americans and alone in London on Christmas Day would appeal to Desmond's sense of hospitality.

It was like watching something which had happened many times before to see Desmond take Irene's arm and wheel her gently as they started in the direction of Hanover Terrace.

To be continued

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# Up for the day

by Margaret Pulsford

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POLICEMEN suddenly appeared in the street. People collected on the pavements. There was an excited hush.

"What's happening?" Anna asked a shopkeeper standing in his doorway.

"The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are coming past in a few minutes. They're on their way to the Guildhall."

"Oh, how lovely!" Anna felt icicles of excitement down her spine. What a wonder-story to take home. At once she embarked on it mentally.

"Mother, I was just going to see if I could get the material for your coat when the Queen came by. She was with the Duke and I saw her as clearly as I can see you. She's even more beautiful than her pictures and the Duke's the most handsome man I've ever seen."

"As they went by in their lovely big car, moving very slowly, so everyone could see them quite plainly, the Queen smiled at me. Of course, I smiled back. It was the most exciting moment of my life."

Anna's imagination was a wonderful thing; she never taking her on wild and boundless flights. As she sought for a good place in the crowd, she was already on the point of being presented to Her Majesty and the Duke.

How this honor was going to be accomplished while she stood on the kerb and the royal car went by she had no idea.

She wriggled her way to the second row of spectators and stood beside a fat woman with a large basket of shopping clasped against her. The woman smiled at Anna, a beaming, trusting smile. "Wouldn't miss a sight of the Queen and that handsome Duke if I had to stand here all day," she said.

"Neither would I," Anna was devout. "I've never seen either before and I'm so excited."

To the left in front of Anna were a group of young girls. Slightly to her right were two men. She scarcely noticed the one who was nearest because her attention was caught by the second. He was outstandingly tall.

God! I'm not behind him, she thought. Surely, or I wouldn't see a thing. Then she raised his head. It was hatless, and the hair was very short, even in the front.

"Funny hair, she thought, interested in everything, as usual. After that she considered his features, summing them up as untidy.

Curious to discover more, she strained forward to catch a full glimpse of his face and, although aware of this, he turned and met her gaze. She retreated nervously before a lowering expression and a broad, aggressive smile.

Oh, she thought, he looks as if he hated everybody. What a horrid man, she decided. There was absolutely no need for him to have smiled like that. He looked as if I'd found him out in something.

This conclusion, coming from nowhere, sent her imagination rocketing. He was dangerous, perhaps a lunatic, and he was going to do something terrible when the royal car went by. She was going to throw a bomb or fire a gun.

Heavily she looked at the pockets of his coat. His hand was in one of them and it was being thrust forward in an ominous manner.

Memory flicked open like a shutter. This was the way the assassin had stood in last

week's film, called "Salute of Death." She could not remember who was in it, but the incident of the assassination was vivid. There had been a crowd like this and the man had stood in its midst without anyone noticing.

She was a slightly built girl, twenty years of age. Her eyes were a brilliant and courageous blue. As long as she could remember, she had dreamed of romantic and breathtaking adventures in which she played the central part.

In reality, she was an only child and lived in an old market town about sixty miles from London, where she worked in a perfumery shop.

Now waiting for the young Queen and her husband to drive by, she was entirely concentrated on the drama of their being injured by the reckless looking, belligerent individual who was almost in front of her.

Agitatedly she turned to the woman beside her, and began searching for words to frame her suspicions. But the woman's face was turned sharply away and so was every other face in the crowd. In a matter of minutes, perhaps seconds, the royal couple would pass. Already men were doffing their hats.

In a feverish state she watched the object of her attention. He still stood with his hand in his pocket, but she was certain he had raised it to a more oblique angle and that he was tensed.

Almost without volition she took a firm grip on her umbrella so that the knobbly handle was ready to use as a weapon. In the same instant, the man straightened his shoulders and moved his hand. Up went her umbrella, and she hit him over the head just as a long, black limousine slid by.

The blow had many effects though no disastrous physical ones. The woman beside Anna gasped and pulled at her arm. People pressed and peered in all directions, and overpowering them all was the gigantic and furious victim of her assault.

To make matters worse, Anna realised that as she hit him he had been engaged in nothing more felonious than drawing himself rigidly to attention.

All the blood went out of her face. A policeman pushed his way to the forefront. "Here," he said. "What's going on?"

He glanced at Anna and the giant who was clapping his head with an enormous hand. "She . . ." he began, and in a terrible flash Anna saw herself being arrested, put on trial, held in prison.

"I . . ." she also began, when the man who had been standing near the giant and who had watched the after-effects of the incident with fascinated eyes suddenly stepped forward.

"It's all right, officer," he said. "This is my wife. I can explain."

"You'd better talk fast," said the giant, but to everybody except Anna it was apparent that the wrath in him was dying down. Anna was so small, so pale and aghast. She was also a very pretty girl.

"We had a quarrel this morning," the other young man was saying soothingly. "She has a terrible temper and a very bad aim."

These observations were followed by a moment's silence until the giant guffawed. In turn, the policeman grinned and good-natured laughter began to break out on all sides.



"You'd better apologise, my love," said the stranger who had claimed her as wife. "I'm sorry," she said quaveringly.

The giant made a condescending motion with his hand which dismissed all women as mentally unstable, said, "Forget it," and began breaking through the press of observers.

"Thanks, pal," said Anna's rescuer to his departing back, and, taking her by the arm, led her away.

Anna, in a state of nervous reaction, leaned heavily against her pilot. She felt thankful and a complete idiot. She also wanted to cry. In a little side-street he paused and grinned.

"Thank you," she said weakly. "I'll be all right now. I'm sorry."

"What you need is a drink," he said.

"Oh, no, I don't drink. I'll just get on." Her sole ambition was to vanish, but he shook his head firmly.

"Not before I have the inside story of your savage attack," he said. "I'm a reporter."

A new kind of fright shot upwards in Anna like an uncoiling spring. The incident wasn't over. It was going on and on. He would write about her in the newspapers and everybody at home would read about her stupidity.

"Don't write about me please." A tear came out of her left eye and fell coldly on her cheek. She hadn't even the heart to wipe it away with a gloved forefinger.

"I need a good story," he said in a voice proving beyond doubt that he was without mercy.

She could find nothing to say.

Anna lifted her umbrella, and the moment the man moved his hand she was ready to hit him.

"If I'm!" He looked at his wrist-watch. "Perhaps we could strike a bargain," he suggested.

Again she was silent, searching his face for signs of relenting. In other circumstances she might have liked his looks. He had thin cheeks and dark, lively eyes.

He was not as large as the man who had unwittingly caused all the trouble, but all the same he was a menace, and this time a personal one.

"If you'll have lunch with me," he said, "perhaps I'll withhold your name. What is it, by the way?"

"Anna Langham," she said meekly, and at once recognised that she had been tricked into giving it. This realisation set her agile imagination free for the first time since it had been exposed and battered by mockery.

She raised her chin and began living her first real adventure in which she ultimately routed the enemy. "That'll do for your purposes, anyway, won't it?" she declared, trembling but defiant.

His lips came together. His eyes were penetrating. "So you've done this sort of thing before, eh? Is it a psychological compulsion?"

"Of course it isn't. And I haven't done anything like it before."

He gave a small, unmistakable hitch to his



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## Continuing . . . Up For The Day

shoulders. "That's what they all say."

She said frantically, "Well, I haven't. I haven't. You can believe what you like, but that's the truth."

He replied with the dignity that she had lost, "I shall need a little more proof than that. Be reasonable, Miss Langham. After all, if it weren't for me you would probably be in gaol."

"And I have my living to earn. Your story is the kind which always makes an appeal. 'Girl hits unknown man with umbrella,'" he concluded.

At once she visualised the headlines all across the morning papers. It would be horrible, frightful.

Indecision and despair were clearly on her face, and he said quietly, "Just give me the plain, simple facts and I'll handle them as tactfully as I can. But, if you refuse, I assure you I'll forget them out. I'll watch your movements. I'll follow you home. I'll talk to your mother," he finished, inspired.

With this speech he became loathsome in her eyes. She could see him lurking about the front gate of Orchard Cottage. She could hear him knocking at the door and interviewing her mother—her poor, darling mother, who wasn't very well.

An emotion reached her heart akin to a woman facing a firing squad, and she said, "What do you want me to do?"

There was a long pause in the quiet little street. The wind blew along and swept up some dust. He did not look at her. He dare not, and she saw his chin, a stubborn one. He said, rather muffled, "We'd better have some lunch."

"All right." She felt as though the firing squad had done its work, but somehow she would think of a way to trick him.

He called a taxi. She could not hear the address that he gave, but they arrived at a big, gilded doorway which led into a broad, marble hall. He guided her through this and they were shown to a table against the wall.

As he took up the menu he asked in deploring accents, "Don't you even drink sherry?"

"Yes, I drink sherry," she admitted in a hollow voice, and he brightened visibly.

The narrow, tall glasses of wine arrived and she sipped gingerly.

He sat silent. Finally, without consulting her, he ordered lunch. This high-handed be-

haviour put her out of countenance. Surely a man should ask a girl what she wanted to eat, even if he were about to destroy her?

Suddenly he asked, "Do you play tennis?"

"Yes, every week-end at the club." She smiled as a girl does smile who is lunching with an attractive man. But at once the smile left her face. She wasn't going to be caught as easily as that and tell him where the club was.

"Where is your club?" he said, and so proved her theories that he was preparing to spy out the land.

She gave him a long, almost pitying look. Telling lies was against her nature, but this was an occasion when scruples must be thrown aside, and she said guilelessly, "At the country club at Felixstowe."

Why she named this coastal town she did not know, except that it was a long way from her home.

"So you live at Felixstowe?"

A silent, triumphant "Ah!" went through her. He had fallen with a crash into her clutches and she was exuberant.

"Yes, but I suppose I shouldn't have told you, should I?" She congratulated herself on this cleverly misleading remark.

At this minute the food came and she set about it with a sudden youthful appetite engendered by a sense of victory and security. Let him write what he likes, she thought, taking a savory mouthful. It's bound to be wrong, except the name, and there must be heaps of Anna Langhams in the British Isles.

She saw with a sidelong glance that he was also tucking into his food with enthusiasm. In her all-conquering mood she could see him clearly for the first time.

He's nice, she decided, except that, of course, he's really beastly.

But even while she purred and felt warm in her superiority, he became shattering and asked, "Let me see your umbrella."

"My umbrella?" She wanted to doubt his sanity, but there was something in his eyes which prevented such an idea.

For answer, he picked it up from where it rested behind her back on the broad, red plush seat. He scrutinised the handle, let it lie in his hand.

"Heavy," he said. "The handle is very heavy. If you'd hit him squarely you could

have knocked that poor chap out. Where did you get the lead?"

"Lead?"

"Now," he said cajolingly, "don't sound so surprised."

"But there isn't any lead. I didn't know there was."

He smiled knowingly. "I'm afraid," he remarked, "that you're not as innocent as you look."

This remark gave her a great depth of excitement, made her feel wicked and alluring—two qualities she had longed for, regarded with longing. And here, out of the blue, she was virtually told that she possessed them.

Suddenly she wished she had a great deal of lipstick on her mouth. All her fright abated, and her imagination blissfully waded her into one of her favorite roles.

Letting her eyelids drop over her brilliant eyes, she smiled a little.

He went through all the motions of a man coming to an important decision, and said, "I'll make you a promise. Tell me all about yourself and I'll withhold your name from that little affair. Perhaps I won't even publish it at all."

"But don't forget that I verify any facts you give me, which means, incidentally, that the gag about Felixstowe is out. It was good, but not good enough."

She jerked guiltily.

"You're more clever than I thought you were," she declared in a voice which wobbled only slightly.

"Thank you." He bowed his head. But when he raised it again, his eyes were piercing. "And now," he said, "I expect the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

She gave a great sigh of resignation, and the waiter brought a magnificent dish of ice-cream, colorfully decorated with fruit and surmounted by a crown of crystallised violets.

She stared at it in fascination and greed, but, remembering her role, which, miserably, had become a mixture of spy and siren, she gave a little, worldly laugh. "What a wonderful ice-cream!"

She took up her spoon.

So did he, and the ice proved as delicious as it appeared. They ate together in a silence which was oddly companionable.

She kept thinking: He likes the ice, too. Oh, I am enjoying myself. I am. It's like being in a story. Firmly repressed a desire to define this as a "love story." Because isn't, she kept reiterating, the ice slid enjoyably down her throat. It's more of an adventure story. And she did want it to end.

He ordered coffee.

"Now," he said, leaning back, the coffee poured and steaming, "begin right from the beginning. Don't leave anything out. Would you like to smoke?"

She shook her head. "I don't smoke."

"Very wise."

"Why?"

"Many a woman who has been caught by her perfume and her brand of cigarette. But I don't have to tell you that."

"No." She brought the words out in a murmur, giving him the benefit of her profile, which he admired wholeheartedly.

She began in her new, low voice, "My father died when



"But if he gets interested in girls, what happens to the £2,123/16/5 that he owes me for his education?"





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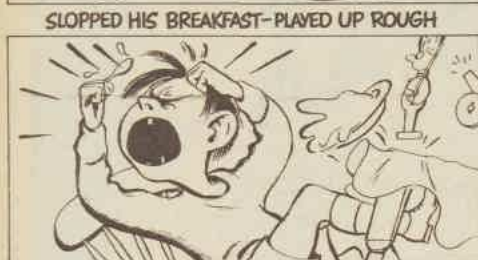
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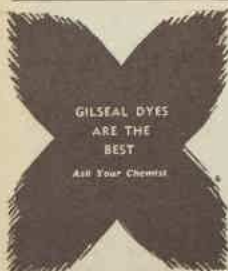




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Continuing . . .

## Up For The Day

was five." This was true, and a look of genuine sadness came over her face which she did not know was there, although she felt it in her heart. She still remembered the big, jovial man and his hearty voice. "We lived in Mexico," she went on.

It was his turn to be taken off guard. "Mexico!" he repeated. "What was your father doing there?"

This presented the perfect cue, and she was off. "He was a Government agent," she said. "We were always on the run. The earliest thing I can remember is the heat, the dust, the terror . . ."

She paused to see the effect and, satisfied, continued, ". . . and the clatter of rifle bullets."

He was relieved and relaxed. "Spatter," he corrected. "Rifle fire clatters, possibly, but bullets spatter, as you must remember."

In embryo she was an author and resented this minor, irrelevant correction which had nothing to do with the story. Also, a line of chilly suspicion went across her heart. "Don't you believe me?"

"Of course I do."

At this point something extraordinary happened which almost stopped coherent thought. Under the table his hand reached and found her own.

The warm grip went through her. By a supreme effort she regained control and remarked coldly, "You don't believe me about Felixstowe?"

"I'm sorry about that," he was contrite, but his hand stayed where it was and she could not, she simply could not take her own away.

"Go on, Anna," he encouraged gently.

"Well," she said, striving to regain the thread of her narrative, "I wanted to avenge my father. I grew up with that desire."

"Was he killed then?" Genuine concern was in his eyes and voice.

"Shot!" Her voice was tragedy itself. "In the end they caught him and . . . it was a firing squad."

For some inexplicable reason this dreadful picture made her want to cry. It often caused tears in bed at night because her father was the strongest masculine personality she had ever known, and she never tired of weaving tales about him. Her lips trembled and she looked away.

He was appalled by her unexpected distress and out of his depth. Desperately he began searching for facts among what he believed were the appealing, endearing fancies of her mind.

With his free hand he searched for a handkerchief and thrust it at her surreptitiously beneath the tablecloth. "Here," he said, feeling akin to a murderer, "blow your nose."

When she handed it back she managed a watery smile. In the same breath the burden of her fantasies, the whole strange, queerly disturbing situation in which she found herself, became too much.

She said on a wail, "I'm not telling the truth. And you know it. I can tell. We were in Mexico, but I never heard any shooting, and Daddy was a mining engineer. He was killed in a motor smash when we were home on leave, and I was only five."

A great weight fell from his shoulders, because now the way to knowing this sweet and lovely child was open and unencumbered.

But, before he could speak, she succumbed to a desire for an orgy of confession and said, tearfully, "And I thought that man this morning was going to throw a bomb or something. He had such a funny face and funny hair and he was so big. And I'd never seen the Queen or the Duke before, and I truly thought he was going to do something."

"So I hit him with my umbrella and then I realised he was only going to stand to attention. So write about me if you want to. Write about me."

He took her hand and kissed it. Only the waiter saw and looked discreetly away. Such sights were not new to him. "I'd rather die than write about you," he said. "And don't cry."

After this injunction, his sympathy irrepressibly gave way to mirth. His face creased with laughter. His shoulders shook with it. Something about his laughter was wholly infectious and she began to laugh as well, shakily at first but with growing enjoyment.

"Anna, oh, Anna! I'm not really laughing at you. You know that don't you, but I haven't heard of anything so funny for a long time." His laughter renewed itself, but his fingers were locked in her own, tugging at them to impress upon her the truth of what he said. "And I don't suppose you saw the Queen and her husband at all?"

"I didn't even see the car," she admitted, and began to laugh as helplessly as himself. "We'll soon remedy that," he said. "Next week I'll take you to see them, but leave your umbrella behind, won't you?"

She nodded, thinking that

it was as though she had known him for a very long time. And yet she did not even know his name.

As if this also occurred to him, he took a pencil and a crumpled envelope out of his pocket and said, "Write your address for me."

As she did so, her hand trembled, color rose in her face. Through her embarrassment, which was also sweet and full of promise, she could hear him talking. He was giving his name and the name of his newspaper, but all she heard clearly was his last remark, "But my friends call me Bill. You'll remember that, won't you?"

"Yes," she said shyly, "I'll remember."

"Good!" He put heartiness into his voice which he did not feel. All he wanted to do was kiss her. "Not that I'd ever give you the chance of forgetting," he added, which was the nearest he could get to a kiss in its promise of many.

His words seemed to fall upon her parted lips, each one a caress, and she thought them perfect.

(Copyright)

*"I'm gonna wash that man right outa my hair"*

sings MARY LA ROOPE  
bright and lovely star of New York hit musical "South Pacific"  
brought to Australia by J.C. Williamson



And as she sings this song, Mary shampoos her hair on stage—1 times a week!

"8 SHAMPOOS a week—something of an expert on shampoos these days. That's why, when it comes to my home shampoo, I choose 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo," says Mary. "None can beat

the gentle, soft cleansing action of 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo—its thick foam is so light and tender and it leaves my hair so soft and shiny." Give your hair this simple beauty treatment at home this week-end—  
—'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo

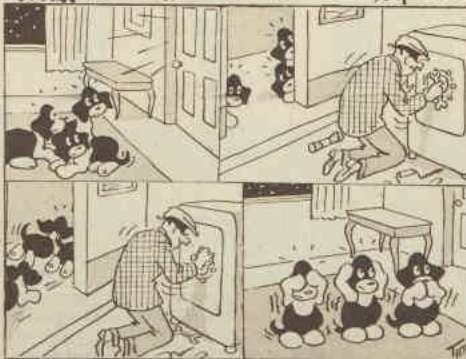


**Vaseline**  
LIQUID SHAMPOO

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FOR THE CHILDREN

**Wuff, Snuff & Tuff** by TIM





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# Super Merriespun

REGD.

less than 40/- a frock  
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In piece-goods by the yard and in women's,  
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Look for the labels on all garments.



## COOLER!

—because it's delusted by a  
special process to stay smooth and  
"fuzz" free even after washing.  
(It's the "fuzz" which feels so  
hot against your skin.)



# SPEED SOUNDS THE ALARM

It wasn't easy to teach an old dog a new trick, but it paid an unexpected dividend.

BY RODERICK LULL

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP

It would not be correct to say that my low standing in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Brown was due entirely to the fact that I've helped Uncle Joe's dog, Speed, develop his amazing talent.

Even before that they had, to understate the case, been cool towards me. Of course, Sally Brown said it was just that they were cross about everything, not only me, because their drapery shop was doing badly.

Anyway, the Speed episode sewed the business up. Mr. Brown said that he meant to see Sally married to the right man if it was the last thing he ever did. "Furthermore," he said, "the right man is not a dim-wit of a milk-bar attendant who has nothing better to do than teach a dog how to make a noise like a fire-engine."

"Sir," I said, "it is true that I am at the Jersey Milk Bar. But I am taking a course in accounting and I have passed all the exams up till now."

"Buzz off," Mr. Brown said.

That night Sally sneaked out of the Browns' flat, which was above the shop, and slipped into my old wreck of a car. That was the way it was—she had to act like a thief in the night to see me at all.

She is a very beautiful girl, if you happen to like a redhead with a skin like country cream, a figure made for the season's smartest swimming costume, and eyes you want to swim in, they are so blue.

"Darling," I said, "I was thinking that—"

A little way off a fire siren wailed. And at once, from the Browns' flat, Speed let go. I shuddered as he put his all into his work and got louder and louder. "If I ever live my life over," I said, "I will have nothing to do with dogs."

"I understand, darling. But they—"

Just then Mr. Brown slammed a window up. "Sally!" he shouted. "If you're with that scrawny milk-shaker I'll—"

"I think he wants me to come in," Sally said. "Good night, precious."

But I should explain about Uncle Joe and Speed.

Uncle Joe is Mrs. Brown's uncle. He is a retired railway man with a pension and a taste for cigars and whisky. He lives with the Browns and pays well for his room and board.

Speed is a very gentle, liver-and-white dog with a great fondness for eating and sleeping. He has a remarkable gift. He can make a noise like a siren.

I became involved with Speed when we got in the habit of taking walks together, just Speed and I.

One day a fire engine came by us, its siren going full blast. Without warning, Speed let loose. He made his mouth round and lifted his head and his eyes got bright. There he was, a living siren.

So, just for the fun of it, I developed his talent. It was quite a job and it took weeks. But finally he got it. He'd make the siren noise each and every time he heard a fire engine. And, besides, he'd let her go when you gave him the command, "Fire, Speed, fire!"

Uncle Joe thought it was wonderful and that, as matters turned out, put me even deeper into trouble with the Browns. Every time Uncle

Joe came home feeling happy he'd yell "Fire!" at Speed and the result drove the Browns nuts. On top of that, cruising police cars responded to Speed's siren on two occasions.

As usual, Mr. Brown was most explicit. "I am told, Baker, that you are responsible for that dog making that—"

"Only partly, sir. You see—"

"Shut up, Baker. I have only one more word for you. My daughter is not going to have anything to do with an animal trainer."

The heat was really on. They watched Sally like Scotland Yard detectives after a murder suspect.

As for Sally—well, she pretended it was nothing, on the rare occasions when we were able to meet for a few minutes. She tried to act her usual cheerful self, but she was as transparent as glass. Half the time she was on the verge of tears.

"It's their shop," she said. "They've got a big stock and a million bills, and not enough trade to keep a mouse alive. If the sale goes over perhaps—just perhaps—"

"Sale?" I said.

"They're going to have a sale, darling, to raise cash."

There had been a piece on sales in my correspondence course. You had to do something unusual if you were going to get the crowds. I told Sally that. And then I kissed her.

She pushed me away. "Don't do that again," she said. "Anyway, not till I have time to think. What could we do that's unusual?"

All of a sudden it came to me. I said, "Make it a kind of lottery. For instance, every person whose sales slip number has a zero at the end gets a free prize. Those with two zeros get a better prize and so on. Most of the prizes can be small, just have a few good ones, like electric mixers and radios. That'll bring 'em in."

I kissed her once more and was given full co-operation. "I like the idea," she said. "But perhaps I shouldn't say it came from you, not just yet. Let me sort of talk about it and see what happens."

She reached for the car door. "You can't go yet," I said. "I love you, Sally."

She was so close to crying that it really hurt. "I love you, too," she said.

Well, they used my idea for the sale. The neighborhood paper came out with a whopping big ad about how they were not only offering the greatest bargains ever heard of, but were giving away free—absolutely free!—valuable merchandise to the people whose sales slip numbers ended in zeros. They put a banner clear across the shop front that said: "Of Course We're Crazy—You Take Advantage Of It."

The sale was on a Friday and I spent my lunch-hour standing in a doorway near the shop. It was going like a house on fire.

I came back when I finished work at six and walked slowly by. Business was still good and the shelves were looking bare. If anything would mellow the Browns—which I doubted—this should be it. I saw Sally helping wrap parcels and I'd have given an arm just to be able to help. But I didn't dare go inside.

A big man strolled by, glanced inside, and kept on going. I'd never

seen him before, so I imagined he must be a newcomer to the neighborhood.

I hung around until they finally closed. Then I went home.

But something was preying on my mind—something besides that worry about Sally that was always there. The Browns had taken in a lot of money to-day. They'd have to keep it on hand overnight, and then—

I don't pretend I'm extra bright. I just acted on a hunch. I went back and parked near the shop. It was lonely there now, with hardly anyone around. I'd been there a long time when I heard the sound of a door being slammed. It came from the general direction of the Browns' quarters. I sat up.

After a moment a big man, carrying a metal box under his arm, came hurrying up the street. Back of him a low-hung shape trotted along. It was Speed, who loved everybody and always enjoyed making new acquaintances.

Then there was a terrible yell in Mr. Brown's voice. "Help!" it said. "Thieves! Burglars! Thieves! Help!"

I piled out of the car and now it was my turn to yell. "Fire!" I howled. "Fire, Speed, fire!" Speed was ready. He started down low, and moved up the scale, and when he hit the absolute top he let it die away, just like a real siren, and then he took hold of it again and repeated. It was wonderful.

The man with the money box said something unprintable. I started for him. Off in the distance another siren started to moan—I heard it while Speed was gulping in a fresh lungful of air. "Keep it up, Speed," I called. "Fire! Fire!" Then I caught the man with a flying leap just as Sally's father burst out of the store.

The crook was no bowl of cherries. He came down on top of me and let

me have the edge of his hand on the neck. I thought, Sally, I love you. My last thoughts are of you.

But I hung on to him. Speed was still going all out, and in the background I heard the other siren, getting louder all the time. Finally there was the screech of brakes at the kerb and people running.

And then, at long last, I heard a tough, strange voice. A cop's voice. It said, "Just relax, pal, unless you want me to blow you in half." It was the prettiest voice I'd ever heard. Except for Sally's, of course.

When everything had settled down I was in the Browns' living-room. The burglar had been taken away in the Black Maria, the cash box was safe and sound on the table, and Mr. Brown was thanking me in a stiff sort of way. Mrs. Brown looked as if she didn't know what to think.

Uncle Joe said, "If Frank hadn't taught Speed to make that siren noise on command, where would you be now? I ask you."

"Well," Mr. Brown said, "it certainly is funny how things can turn out."

Sally sat up straighter. No one ever looked so beautiful and proud as she did right now.

She said, "And, as I was trying to tell you just before we got held up, it was Frank who suggested how to run that sale. Why, we got rid of practically everything!"

"So we did," Mr. Brown said, as if he didn't quite believe it. I have to confess that I was a little surprised things had gone so well. "If nobody has any objections," I said, "Sally and I would like to go to the pictures."

Mr. Brown shifted slightly. "Well," he said. Then he looked at the money box. "Well, have a good time."

"Don't stay out too late," Mr. Brown said, but I don't think his heart was really in it.

"If you're ready, Sally," I said. "Nobody seems to have any objection."

"Am I ready?" Sally said.

It was a very nice wedding—small but select. It took place two weeks after I was promoted to book-keeper and assistant manager of the Jersey Milk Bar. We had one rather unusual guest—Speed. We put him right up front, where he could see it all, and he behaved perfectly. In fact, he went to sleep on us and snored gently through the service.

We told Uncle Joe that we'd strangle him if he called "Fire" and he did hold back until the ceremony was over. Then he yelled "Fire! It's a fire, Speed!" and Speed was up to the occasion. It seemed to upset the minister, who was not used to our ways.

(Copyright)

While Speed threw back his head and wailed I took a flying leap on to the burglar's back.





# CAREER GIRL OF 1953

THIS supplement has been written for you, the girl who next month will pack up her exercise books and say good-bye to school forever. In between the fleeting regret, the recurrent relief that it's over, and the day-dreams of the future, you'll have one immediate task: to make yourself over from schoolgirl to career girl.

Whatever your prospects, this will be the fundamental job. Whether you've grown up gradually in the past year or two or are now facing the social swim without knowing a stroke; whether, without a care, you're starting university next year or know you have to face exams where you can; whether you have to get a job in double-quick time or haven't made up your mind yet what to do, now's the time for Operation Young Lady.

Scientist or secretary, waitress or schoolteacher, you'll want to be a success, even in that fill-in job. And to be a success you have to look successful.

When you walk in to that prospective boss you'll need to make a good impression. It's no comfort to have a string of school prizes. For this interview—and no matter how hard your heart is beating—you must look clean, trim, poised, and alert.

The girl of your age is often likened to a duckling turning into a swan, or, more poetically, to a bud. What distinguishes you from any swan or bud is that nature alone works those magical transformations, while you can be your own magician.

It doesn't need beauty or other riches—not even money. It does need commonsense and determination.

In this supplement Carolyn Earle, our beauty expert, has worked out for you the basics of grooming with an eye to young hair, figures, skin, and make-up. This is no long and complicated project. Good grooming, she points out, is the sum of many little attentions. And if you make good habits of them now, you'll set your beauty routine for the rest of your life.

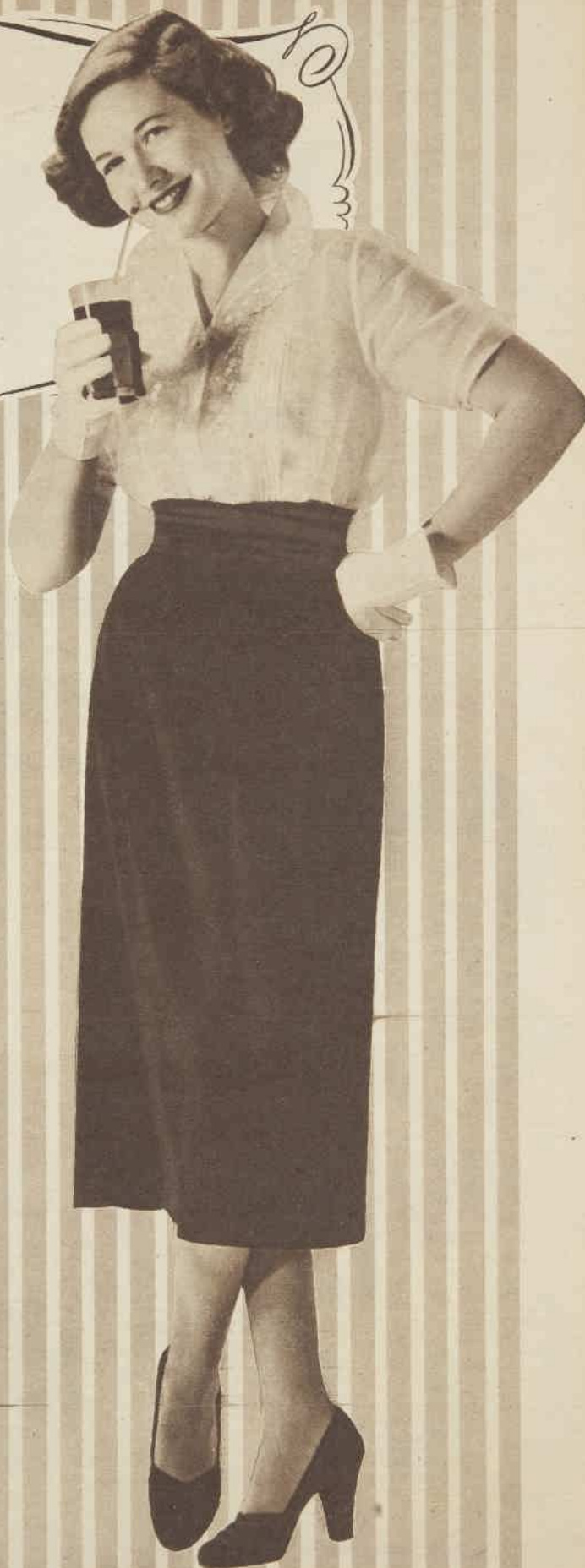
Our fashion artist Rene has sketched for you a summer wardrobe inspired by Betty Keep, our fashion expert. Betty Keep has also keyed the Dress Sense to the double-duty clothes that make a young and reviving wardrobe spring phoenix-like from the ashes of a school blouse and tunic.

In Youth Sums Up you'll find the distillation of two other girls' experiences in overcoming shyness in their first jobs. They also tell you some of the worst mistakes to avoid during those important first-impression days.

Study this supplement, act on its very sound advice, and you'll make that career knowing that you're looking right. You'll find it's all the battle. When you look right you feel right.

It's all yours, this wonderful new career. We wish you luck—and envy you.

*CHOSEN as cover girl for our career supplement is Joy Jenkins, of Enmore, N.S.W. Like thousands of youngsters just leaving school and tackling a career, 16-year-old Joy wants to be a success. She was sufficiently interested in the way she looked to do a modelling course in which she learned to walk, to make up, and to present herself as attractively as possible. She is typical of a girl making the most of herself.*





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MODEL 69. Sealed Unit Beautiful, designed to provide storage for a week's food, but minimum floor space.



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# FITNESS FOR BUSINESS GIRLS

● When a girl begins a business career she has to harness herself into a stricter routine of grooming and self-care than the one she has been used to in the past.

**I**N order to reach the office on time, she generally has to get up earlier, reorganise bathing, dressing, and eating routines, and economise with time so that it may be spent most wisely.

Business girls often have little time for outdoor sports.

Ten minutes of simple calisthenics each day keep bulges at bay and may be performed either in the morning or at bedtime, whichever is convenient.

Three exercise positions are illustrated; because there are many variations of each position, these never become dull to do. They will help you towards a trim waistline, smooth hips and thighs, and a general feeling of well-being.

Rushing off to work fortified with only orange juice and a cup of tea, then nibbling through office hours on gooey snacks is a first-class way for the business girl to sabotage her figure, complexion, and enthusiasm for the job.

There is a close-knit association between good physical condition and

commonsense eating. To help you procure the day's protective and beauty foods you need, the daily "must" list (in panel) gives basic foods from which you can choose your own menus every day.

Remember, you must not leave any item out altogether in any one day.

## DAILY "MUST" LIST

2 or 3 glasses of milk.  
1 glass of fruit juice and 2 or 3 pieces of raw fruit.

1 egg daily, or four each week.

1 tablespoon of butter.  
1 serving of meat, fish, or poultry (cheese can take the place of one of these or be added, if preferred.)

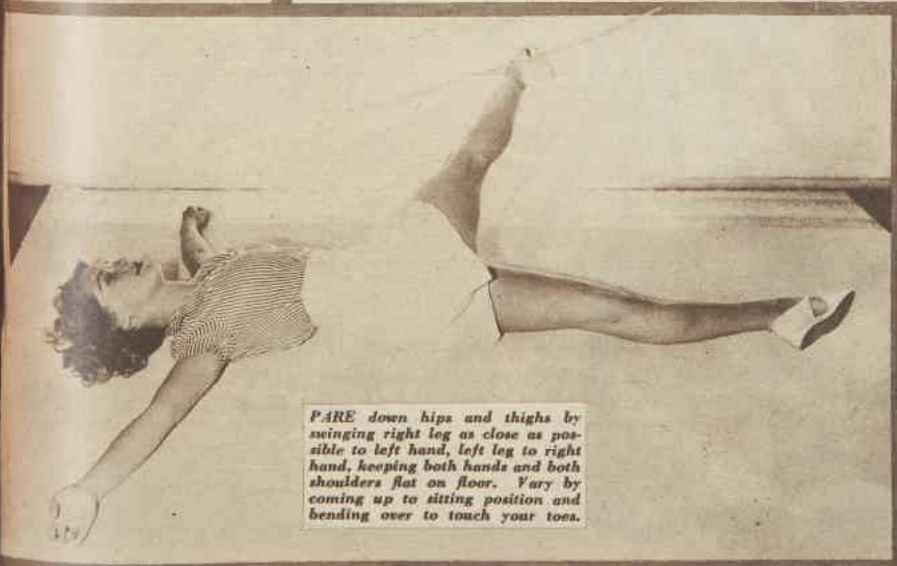
1 green raw vegetable, 1 cooked leafy vegetable, plus any other vegetable served.

1 serving of whole-grain cereal for breakfast and 2 slices of whole-grain bread (3 slices of bread if cereal is omitted.)

**STRETCH** tall and breathe deeply if you are cramped from sitting still (left) or if you can't think of anything else to do. Stretch your waist out of your hips, ribs out of waist, and your neck out of your shoulders. This last is for posture.

⑤

**PULL** in hard on middle muscles (right) if your tummy is inclined to stick out, and as a waist trimmer. Inhale deeply beforehand and see how long you can hold the position before slowly exhaling and relaxing. Repeat often.



**PARE** down hips and thighs by swinging right leg as close as possible to left hand, left leg to right hand, keeping both hands and both shoulders flat on floor. Vary by coming up to sitting position and bending over to touch your toes.



I just wouldn't  
have believed nail polish  
could last this long!

I was so tired of having to constantly renew chipping and peeling polish I almost gave it up. But that was before I tried CUTEX with the fabulous new ingredient . . . "Enamelon". "Enamelon" makes Cutex dry faster, set harder, last days longer!

Lots of women are feeling the same way. They just wouldn't have believed that nail polish could stay flawless so long. "Enamelon" . . . first introduced in Nail Brilliance . . . is now blended with all Cutex polishes. It has proved itself a miracle-worker.



## TRY IT!

See for yourself how this wonderful improved Cutex dries faster, sets harder, lasts days longer without chipping and peeling. And notice how the lovely Cutex colours glow with a new and lasting radiance. Ask for Cutex with miracle-working "Enamelon" today!

# CUTEX

*The manicure that stays lovelier...longer*



# So Young

IN colors that match and combine, and with zestful new styling, this series of teenage fashions is designed for the young girl who has just left school. The trend in junior fashions is for unit pieces which look attractive together or apart. A billowy skirt is a top fashion because it's easy on the young girl's figure. The bare-shouldered dress is another flatterer. Lastly, don't overlook the ace summer fashion—the full cotton coat that becomes a belted dress.



● In peony-red and white check cotton, a new fashion of the season—a coat that doubles as a dress. It's important enough to show both ways. As a coat it teams perfectly with the pink-and-white striped one-piece on the opposite page and can be worn casually over the slim, blue skirt and white shirt-blouse.



# So Smart

● Scheduled for all-day wear, the bolero suit, below right, is designed with two skirts, one wide and one narrow, two blouses, and two cummerbunds. The cummerbunds add color interest. The blouses and skirts can be switched for variety and to suit the occasion. Note that either cummerbund can be worn with the evening dress.



● In white embroidered cotton, a floor-length evening dress, above, with halter top and brightly colored wrap-around cummerbund. The pink striped cotton sleeveless one-piece, right, is pretty and practical for hot weather. On cooler days the bolero jacket of the suit, far right, turns it into a smart ensemble.

● In flower-printed sheer, left, a dress with a skirt that is wide but gentle. The bodice top is moulded and has its own tiny, matched draw-string jacket. Minus the jacket it is perfect for informal summer dancing. With the jacket and a simple wide-brimmed hat it becomes a daytime costume for lunchtime onwards.

Rome





**LUX**  
Gives a longer life to all fine washables

**So SAFE**  
You'll want to use it always!

For **COLOURS** that Bloom in the Spring  
Lux care keeps cotton prints spring-time bright three times as long. Strong soaps and harsh washing methods like bar soap rubbing soon shorten their life. Gentle Lux care keeps them safe.




For **Nylons, UNDIES** a longer lease of life  
A daily dip in creamy Lux suds means double the wear for stockings. Tests prove it! And safe Lux care whisks away damaging perspiration from delicate undies, keeps them fresh, dainty.

**Penny Wise for DISHES**  
With Lux you can do all the dishes for as little as a penny a day. Gentle Lux keeps hands soft, smooth, even after the biggest wash-up.



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Skin needs **NIVEA**

For safe suntanning, for protection and relief from scorching sunburn and windburn, naturally skin needs Nivea. Containing "Eucerite," it replaces skin oils dried out by sun and water, softens roughened skin, soothes irritation.

The perfect powder base—safe for baby's tender skin—ideal for after shaving.

"Nivea" and "Eucerite" are registered trade marks.



**The All-Purpose Creme**

Herts Pharmaceuticals Limited Welwyn Garden City and Sydney

# SKIN CARE AND MAKE-UP



**CREAM CLEANSING** at the double. The easiest way to clean the skin is to smooth on a small amount of cream. A light cleansing cream is usually the best choice for young skins. Using both hands, start at the base of the throat and work gently upwards. Leave for a few minutes, then remove with tissue in the same way. Repeat full routine twice.

● The grooming plan of teen-year-olds is ninety per cent. cleanliness and ten per cent. light embellishment.

Some girls have spotless complexions, but for others acne is a special trial of growing up.

Keep your face thoroughly clean with a minimum of regular daily attention.

No young girl should wear full-scale make-up. Where there are skin blemishes it is wise to stop using cosmetics.

Here is a seven-point plan for a well-cared-for face.



**WASHING.** Soap and warm water washing is generally practical. Use washed hands or a clean washcloth to rub in lather with up and out circular sweeps. Rinse twice in cool water.



**MEDICATE** that odd spot before bedtime, otherwise sleep with a clean face. Hands off blackheads and bumps or they will spread. Clean around the hairline with a tissue.



**MAKE-UP BASE.** A light liquid base, complexion milk, or vanishing cream protects young skin. Dab on liquids with clean cotton-wool. Dot creams lightly, then smooth evenly.



**ROUGE.** Pale skins need some color. Cream rouge goes high on cheekbones, fades away towards temples. A touch of powder rouge on clean cotton-wool is easier to handle and fade at edges.



**POWDER.** Use a color which exactly matches the skin. Dust a film over face and neck; fluff off the residue. Next damp a piece of cotton-wool in water and press over surface. Don't have the pad too damp and be sure to press, not rub.



**LIPSTICK.** Unrouged lips are uninteresting, and young things can go gay with soft, bright lip colors. Outline the natural shape of the lips first, fill in with color, then close the lips on a piece of tissue to blot off any surplus. If you learn to use a lipbrush it will help to make clear-cut liplines that stay put much longer.



And now . .

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3 sets in one

Shatter-less Plastic

Smart, Flush, Folding Handle

4-valve Economy Circuit

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If you are looking for features, "TRIO" is your portable. From the special 4-valve-with-rectifier circuit, to the smartly styled cabinet of unbreakable plastic, "TRIO" is an outstanding technical achievement. Every little detail has been thought of, even to automatically switching off your battery when plugging into electric mains. Whether you plug in on A.C. or D.C. or use its own lightweight batteries, "TRIO" brings in distant stations with "Tone That Belongs to 'Golden Voice' Alone". "TRIO" whispers to you when you are alone, but speaks up over the crowd whenever necessary. It is your portable. Ask your Healing dealer to personally demonstrate the many, many new features "TRIO" incorporates. It will be a pleasure for him and for you.

## HEALING trio portable



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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 12, 1952

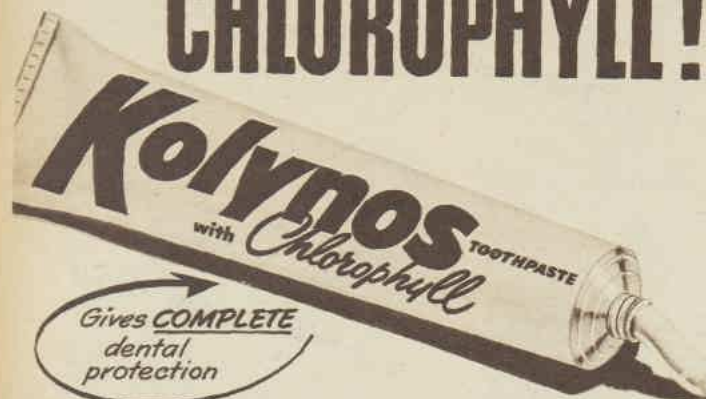
Page 31



IT TOOK America by storm... NOW for Australia!

# HAIR MAINTENANCE

## GREEN MIRACLE TOOTHPASTE WITH ACTIVE CHLOROPHYLL!



- ★ **Instantly destroys mouth odours!**
- ★ **Tones up tender gums!**
- ★ **Cuts dental decay!**



### Here's the Proof:

Tests on 1,755 patients at a leading U.S.A. University showed that Chlorophyll—as in the green Kolynos toothpaste—does what no other dentifrice could do before.

**Breath stays fresh and sweet for hours!** Mouth odours instantly destroyed.

**Combats gum troubles**—prime cause of tooth losses! After the age of 30, most tooth losses are

due to gum troubles. These tests showed amazing results with Chlorophyll dentifrice in combating common gum disorders.

**Reveals natural brightness of your smile!** No other toothpaste can give more sparkle to your smile than this green Kolynos. Contains a special polishing agent.

**Fights dental decay** a safe, sure way! Cavities, pain, loss of teeth can be reduced amazingly.

Here is the finest dentifrice you ever used—**PLUS MIRACLE CHLOROPHYLL!** So buy your large tube of this miracle green Kolynos TODAY. Enjoy this completely new KIND of dental care and protection.



### What is CHLOROPHYLL?

Chlorophyll—Nature's greatest deodorant—is found in all plants. It harnesses the sun's energy to make plants grow... and now science refines, purifies and uses this green "sun" substance. Chlorophyll—as contained in Kolynos Toothpaste—destroys odours originating in the mouth, doesn't just "cover" them up... acts like a food or tonic for the gums... has the unusual ability of arresting tooth-destroying bacteria.



**T**HOROUGH daily brushing to encourage shine and top condition is the first line of hair maintenance.

How often you shampoo your crowning glory may be anywhere from three to ten days, depending on your special requirements.

Oily hair needs frequent, careful shampooing. Dry hair washings are needed less often and are best preceded by warm oil treatment.

Every girl should know how to set pin-curls, for these make all the difference between a hair style and just hair.

**1—BRUSH** (right) for five minutes daily, from hair roots, head held downwards. Brush before shampooing.



**2—MASSAGE.** Press fingers firmly down on to the scalp and rotate them to stimulate circulation. Massage is a good standby for fine hair which tends to break with brushing.



**3—SHAMPOO.** Use plenty of suds to cover all the hair. Rinse thoroughly, then repeat soaping and warm-water rinse. Finally rinse in tepid water till it runs clean.



**4—TOWEL** briskly to partly dry hair for pin-curling. Or, better still, mop up drips and brush hair half-dry in sun to encourage natural highlights and cut drying time.



**5—SET** pin-curls while the hair is damp. Use ribbon-smooth strands of hair to ensure natural-looking curls or waves in the comb-out. Allow to dry completely.

## FRIZZLESS PIN-CURLS . . .



**1—FURL** pin-curls flat from scalp to hair-ends and pin each one flat with two crossed hairpins. (See sketch below.) Curls roll easily if hair is properly cut and shaped.



**3—PLACEMENT** of pin-curls, as well as the direction in which they are furled, is important to each setting. The pin-curls illustrated above are pinned back from the hairline.



**2—COMB-OUT.** Freshly washed hair is likely to comb into frizz unless handled properly. After curls are set, brush well, and then coax the hair into the desired shape.



**4—COMB-OUT.** For a smooth-top hair style with feathery ends (above), brush and comb newly set curls well. First forward, then back to where you want them.





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and give you free, easy breathing  
the first day of money back.

# YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN



## Everybody has to tackle the problem of being shy

THIS week two career girls elected to tell some of the difficulties they'd had when they started out in their first jobs.

BOTH of them are now considered tops by their bosses, not only for their efficiency but for being nice people to have about the place.

BETTY is 20, a secretary in an accountant's office. As she said herself, she is "a medium sort of a girl." She has a pull over many prettier girls in being groomed to the last perfect half-moon on her little fingernail.

She seemed so poised that she surprised me when she admitted that from 16 to 18 was "a nightmare of self-consciousness."

"I'm still shy," she said, "but then nearly everyone is. I've found that out now. But some people are shyer than others, and when I was a kid I thought everyone stopped what they were doing to look at me every time I walked into the office."

"I was always afraid my slip showed; and when my skin got spotty I was so embarrassed I couldn't look people in the eye."

"Besides, I was afraid of criticism and making mistakes, and I was always worried I wouldn't be able to do a job I was given."

"At the time I was the only junior in the office and I felt a bit out of it, although the senior girls were awfully nice to me."

"The boss of the firm is a fatherly old boy with grey hair and a corporation. You couldn't help but feel at ease with him."

"My bugbear was one of the younger ones—he's left there now—who used to get impatient and worked up and either shouted about things you didn't know or explained things you already knew."

"Whenever I had to go near him I used to be scared stiff."

"I don't know how long it took me to wake up to him. I think it was listening to the older girls talking about him."

"You see, he was shy and nervous, too, although he was quite old—in his thirties. He was a returned soldier who had done his accountancy course late and was a bit at sea in his first important job."

"All his bluster was his way of covering up."

"Once I woke up to him, I began to cope with my own way of covering up. In those days whenever anyone paid me a compliment or found fault with my work I used to say something rude. I used to feel like cutting

my tongue out as soon as I'd said it, and then I'd feel miserable and start to sulk."

When I asked Betty if she had any quick sure-cure for shyness, she said, "The best advice was something I read in a magazine. It was called 'Everyone in this room is shy.' It pointed out that all people are unsure of themselves and desperately need the reassurance of being liked and admired."

"Everyone shows it differently. One person freezes, another is offended and gets rude, another acts bored. But everyone is waiting for a friendly gesture."

"Instead of panicking, the best thing is to remember that the people you're feeling shy with—no matter how poised they seem or how frightened you are of them—need to be shown that you like them."

SHIRLEY, who is nearly 19, got a job for herself from business college.

"You feel dreadful when you walk into an office on your first day with all those strange faces round you," she said. "In many ways it's like your first day at a new school."

"But the main thing worrying me was whether I would be able to do the work or not. All the time I remembered something Mummy always said to me—that if you don't talk too much or ask too many questions everything will either be shown to you or you'll learn by watching. It turned out to be good advice."

"I always think it's best to be quiet the first few days. If you're not, they think you're bumptious."

Shirley doesn't claim to be a paragon and admits she doesn't know her own shortcomings, but she listed the worst faults she has noticed in the girls she works with.

She said: "If a junior is lazy and gets out of as much work as she can it always means that someone else has to do it for her. You can imagine how popular that makes her."

"Some girls are always borrowing. You have a magazine and they take it and forget to bring it back. They either don't know any better or they're so selfish and self-centred that they don't care about having no manners."

"But the worst of all is the noise they make giggling and talking—mostly about boys. They talk about boys from morning till night and they go out with any boy who asks them."

"We have a couple of girls like that in our office, and from the older people's comments I'd say they're both headed for the sack."

## DO BOYS DROP YOU?

YOU were relieved when Tommy didn't ask you for a second date, but you hung on the telephone for John and Jim to ring again. You'll find out why they didn't if you think back over that last date and answer these questions honestly.

DID YOU:

- Take their attention for granted, talk about yourself and your own interests (including other boys) all the time?
- Play the bored sophisticate, criticising everything and everyone?
- Attract notice by brassy behaviour and revealing clothes?
- Throw yourself at their heads?
- Put on the "we intellectuals" act?
- Get serious and possessive?

SOME of this week's discs remind us that Christmas isn't far off. Gene Autry, with

ork and chorus, obliges with a pair of numbers which I assume are for the juniors. "Thirty-two Feet, Eight Little Tails," and "The Three Dwarfs." Each is an innocuous jingle, and the number is DO3509. The feet and tails refer to Santa's reindeers, not to Autry's brumbees.

ON MGM5115 there's a rather unusual seasonal double, "I Like Christmas" and "My New Year's Wish For You." It's a monologue

## DISC DIGEST

by Franklin McCormack against a background of Christmas carols played on the organ. I thought it rather on the goody-goody side, but then maybe I'm a Scrooge.

MUCH more to my liking is another M.G.M. disc (5117), which is "South" and "Saturday Rag" done by Jack Fina and His Orchestra—a healthy fun this, lots of cheeky ragtime piano, and the sort of rhythm that makes you want

to dance, even if you're by yourself.

★ ★ ★

LAST in the pop crop is that certain party Johnnie Ray presenting "All Of Me" and "Out In The Cold Again." The former you may know, but "Cold" is a first recording. Now that the initial shock of hearing Johnnie has passed off, one has to acknowledge that he must be a first-class showman with an indestructible set of tonsils. I can imagine his fans' delight at this record. Number is DO3533.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

# La Comtesse Alain de la Falaise

You see English charm and French élan in her fascinating face. To her patrician features, perfect complexion, she gives sharp accent by her chic, short-cut hair.



La Comtesse de la Falaise—her complexion has a smooth-as-a-pearl quality.

## "I FIND POND'S GIVES MY SKIN THE BEST CARE," the Countess says.

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Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat to soften, sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off. Cream Rinse—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a cold water splash. This Pond's creaming acts on both sides of your skin. From Outside—Pond's Cold Cream softens, sweeps away dirt as you massage. From Inside—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation. The beautiful Countess de la Falaise says: "Results are positively glowing. I am delighted with this Pond's treatment."

Remember always—it is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovely you gain a new, and very attractive confidence that puts new charm and life into your face, brings you fresh interests and friends.

Get a jar or tube of Pond's Cold Cream today!



PC22

## "GROWING UP IN INGOLA"

Pussycats love the feel of



—just like I do!

## DON'T MISS THE NOVEMBER ISSUE OF A.M.

A dozen topline features make the new November issue of A.M. bigger value than ever. Buy yours to-day! One of the most interesting articles is a survey of Australia's lotteries, on which Australians (including, possibly, you) spend £57,000 a day, or about 14d. for every man, woman, and child in the country. Another outstanding feature is "Killer in the Kitchen," a revealing report on the poison dangers that lurk in almost every home.



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# DRESS SENSE

● Bare arms, a tiny waistline, a romantic blouse, the cummerbund, the billowing skirt, tapered pants—these are all current fashions to create a young feeling in summer clothes.

THE most important and practical fashions for young girls are those designed for double duty. They are designed so that each unit is an independent item which can be combined to give a costume effect.

For instance, a cotton suit has switch-about possibilities. Invest in a suit with two jackets which can be worn with the one skirt.

A short-cut jacket and a middie-blouse jacket are my suggestions for this idea.

The skirt, for a change, could be slim. One jacket could contrast in color and material texture.

The fitted coat-dress is another perfect design for this theme. It can be worn as coat or dress; and for a special occasion buttoned over a matching frilled petticoat, which is glimpsed at the hemline.

Then there is the sleeveless dress with a deep, scooped-out neckline and billowing skirt to wear plus or minus a blouse. It is really a pinafore-dress.

The blouse makes it a casual. Without the blouse it becomes a cool, low-necked one-piece.

Numbers of skirts for the young are going around in the prettiest circles—full circles. To complement these wide skirts I suggest a halter top, or, for a more feminine touch, a Gibson Girl blouse.

The result is perfect for informal summer parties.



No. D.S. 13. — One-piece cummerbund dress in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material for dress, ½ yd. 36in. material for cummerbund, and ½ yd. 27in. leno for lining cummerbund. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

by Betty Keep

For a more important evening, white cotton is smart again for the young. Accents of ruby, a vivid green, or a rose-pink give the sophisticated and grown-up look which teenagers love.

The accent can be a cummerbund, which is the teenager's most important accessory, or flowers worn at the waistline.

Just for a change, reverse the separate idea and think about a one-piece worn with a shaped cummerbund.

I have chosen a design in this category for the special "Dress Sense" pattern which is illustrated.

A colored cotton with a white tucked lawn bib fastened with tiny pearl buttons and a sleeveless one-piece with a mandarin collar (the collar to be worn standing or turned down) are other suggestions for daytime fashion.

The one-piece swimsuit continues to be the most important design, with cotton in all weaves to achieve variety.

A flared jacket, short cut, made in quilted printed cotton, can be worn over casuals and also in the evening.

A gesture to glamor and for after-five is a headpiece made from two yards of 2½ in. black velvet ribbon.

The ribbon is made into a double flat bow with a sprig of white lilac tucked into the bow knot.

The bow is anchored to the top of the head with narrow black hat-elastic.

For the lovely young in heart

who want to be pampered not hampered!

## Le Gant STA-UP-TOP in Nylon!

Lovely, light nylon, styled to perfection and topped with the world-famous STA-UP-TOP waistband that's Warner's alone! Weighs but a few ounces, does wonders at belittling your waist, trimming your hips . . . washes and dries in a wink! Ask at your nearest nice store for Le Gant Sta-Up-Top No. A453/4 sizes 24-28, in 2 lengths . . . and match it with Le Gant's nylon ALPHABET bra A2195, in 3 cup fittings: A cup, 32-36; B and C cup, 32-38.



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What a wonderful idea! All the slim, smooth loveliness of a corsetlette . . . all the detached freedom of a bra and girdle! The bra section actually lifts free from the corsetlette section . . . moves as you move . . . keeps you wonderfully free and comfortable without the bustling drag of regular corsetlettes. It's Free-Lift No. A3830B, 3-Way-Sized to give you your length, your hip size, your cup size. Sizes 32-38.

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## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"LYNNE"—A prettily styled half-petticoat obtainable in white frosted organdie.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes 24½ in., 26 in., and 28 in. waist, 51/11; 30 in. and 32 in. waist, 54/9.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 24½ in., 26 in., and 28 in. waist, 58/9; 30 in. and 32 in. waist, 61/9.

"BEULAH"—A one-piece for teenagers, styled with Gibson Girl sleeves and all-round skirt fullness. A black bow and narrow black belt complete the design. The material is a printed dimity cord cotton. The color choice includes red, green, and blue; sent printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes 30 in. and 32 in. bust, 78/6; 34 in. and 36 in. bust, 79/11.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 30 in. and 32 in. bust, 84/2; 34 in. and 36 in. bust, 85/8.

"PRUDENCE"—A teenage dress designed with an unusual vandyke neckline and bouffant skirt. The material is waffle pique, the color choice includes pale blue, light green, pink, lilac, and white.

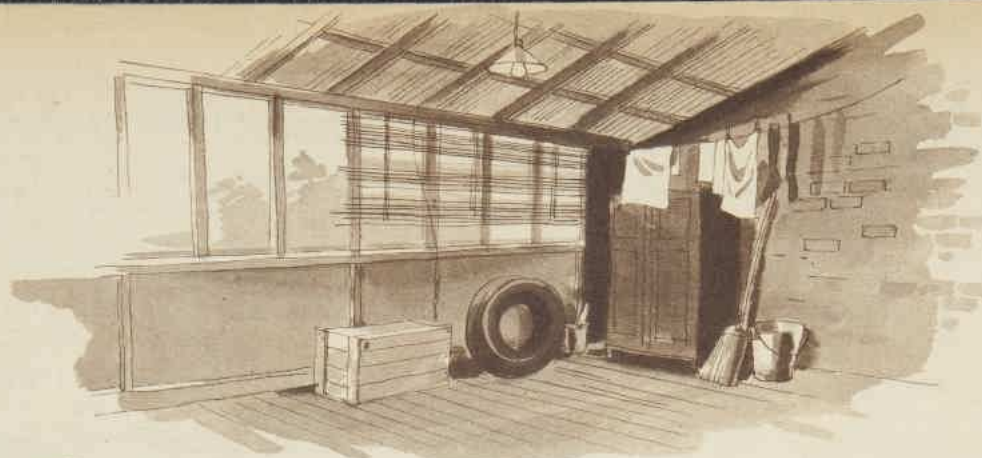
Ready To Wear.—Sizes 30 in. and 32 in. bust, 92/6; 34 in. and 36 in. bust, 93/9.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 30 in. and 32 in. bust, 73/2; 34 in. and 36 in. bust, 75/8.



NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 49. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stoddard's Building, 21 Pier Street, Sydney.





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**BED-SITTING-ROOM** for a single girl. Although the furnishings are bright and colorful, none is so fragile as to make it difficult to relax in this room.

# Every girl needs A ROOM OF HER OWN

By JOAN MARTIN

**One of the first needs of a girl leaving school is a room of her own where she can entertain her friends or develop her hobbies or, if she feels like it, just relax without interference from the family.**

It just needs to be a room where she can gossip with a girl-friend who comes in to discuss last night's party or have two or three of the crowd in to listen to the latest records.

A sitting-room is the ideal solution, but few homes to-day have the space.

In fact, many families have to make the most of a flat or house that is far too small for their needs at the best of times. The obvious alternative is a bed-sitting-room.

This need not involve spending a great deal of money.

Much of the existing furniture can no doubt be converted, but I would suggest that a cupboard be built in for storing all clothing.

It is impossible to make the room ideal for the purpose while the wardrobe remains.

Color can alter the entire character of the room.

Most young girls' bedrooms are decorated in pastel tones, have much befrilled curtains and very feminine accessories.

If the room is to serve as a sitting-room, these must be discarded in favor of stronger color and a more tailored appearance.

A divan-type bed is essential, as it serves the purpose of a settee by day.

Although there are many on the market, they are all fairly expensive, so I suggest that you remove head and foot from the existing bed, and shorten the legs if necessary.

A tailored cover such as the one illustrated and a few cushions will set the pattern for your color scheme.

The dark green linen cover is a good contrast to the strong yellow of the walls, and to give the room extra character I suggest papering one wall with a green-and-white stripe.

The corner cupboard so useful for books and precious recordings can be made from plywood or wallboard.

Painted yellow and white, it adds a decorative note to the room as well as being useful.

The desk-cum-dressing-table is an idea which has been used most successfully in America, and it is shown not as something which can be easily procured but which

could be copied quite simply by any handy-man.

The middle section, as you can see, lifts up when it is being used as a dressing-table and has a mirror.

It would not cost a great deal to have an electrician add a concealed light, which would be ideal for make-up purposes.

The desk and small chest of drawers are painted charcoal-grey, a color which is becoming more and more fashionable.

It fits happily into any color scheme in any room and gives a "good" look to lacquer, which is not always so with the paler shades.

The tomato-red chair and stool have been added for vivid contrast, and the floor has been covered with a sisal-type matting—inexpensive but extremely long wearing.

Be sure that there is a light for reading in bed, either one that serves as a table-lamp or one on the wall conveniently placed for the purpose.

If the room is exceptionally small and the problem of finding space for books and treasured ornaments is acute, don't forget that you have room ABOVE the floor. Put your bookshelves on the wall itself.

This idea is particularly good when the shelves are put immediately above the divan, and will serve the purpose of a bedside table.

On it can be put not only books but radio, clock, and oddments which invariably find their way to a convenient place by the bed.

Remember when decorating a bed-sitting-room that it should be furnished with fabrics which will stand up to much wear and tear.

It is no fun for young people to feel that they cannot relax completely in the room, put their feet on the covers, or accidentally spill something without fear of ruining expensive and fragile materials.

For covers and upholstery, linen, denim, or even mattress ticking is excellent, and the floor should be covered with linoleum and scatter rugs, rush matting, or, if carpet is

used, a dark green, red, or other serviceable color.

If funds are low, try painting the floor a bright color with paint recommended for the purpose, and use one cheap bedside rug—the cotton tufted one that is sold for bathmats is excellent.

To give an added sense of independence it is quite a good idea if space and funds permit to allow your daughter to have an electric jug, a tea service, and canisters for tea, sugar, and biscuits.

Nothing gives quite the same feeling of being "at home" as offering a cup of tea to a friend—and young girls love to chat over the teacups just as their mothers do.

Another expense which is often worth while is an iron of her own, and an inexpensive ironing board that can be slung from chair to table.

At an age when "going out" and parties are of prime importance, the frantic last-minute rush to press a dress is irritating to a mother who probably needs the ironing space for the preparation of the evening meal.

The iron and board can be kept at the back of the clothes cupboard, and need not clutter up the room unnecessarily.

Other color schemes for a bed-sitting room which would be attractive as well as practical are:

- Dark green walls, grey carpet, ochre-yellow furniture, bed-cover grey with cushions of green, yellow, and white, and chair upholstered in dark red-and-white striped material.

- Walls grey, carpet brown, furniture blond, bedcover brown-and-white stripes, cushions yellow, coral, and white, chair upholstered in coral.

Remember that this is her room. Allow her to help choose furnishings and her own color scheme.

Let her choose her books and hang her own pictures. If they seem to you quite impossible, remember that her taste must be cultivated and will develop naturally.



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MOTHER



"And whose are THESE nice little children?"

BUTCH



"28, 30, 32, 36, 38. Never seen a sale yet that wasn't just odd sizes."

# It seems to me

THERE is talk in New South Wales of amending the wording of the Child Welfare Act.

In Parliament the Minister for Education, Mr. Jeffron, said that he would examine the Act to see if it were possible to have the words "delinquent" and "uncontrollable child" deleted from the wording of the Act.

The terms, he said, were harsh and unfair on children who came under the supervision of the Welfare Department.

While they are at it, perhaps someone will produce a more sympathetic wording for the process of taking an abandoned or neglected child into the control of the Department.

The words "charged with being a neglected child" always seem a rather heavy-footed legality for taking over an abandoned baby.

To charge the baby with having neglectful parents might be nearer the mark, although to "charge" a baby with anything seems rather extraordinary to the non-legal mind.

Nobody, of course, takes the wording literally. It merely seems something that could be better put.

"WHITE rats are not so stupid as they were once thought to be," says Dr. Paul E. Fields, experimental psychologist at the U.S. Air Force School of Aviation Medicine.

Well, that's a comfort, isn't it?

A GAME that is a cross between chess and snakes and ladders has been devised in West Germany to make the people "democracy conscious."

There are pieces, as in chess, but, instead of being called king, queen, bishop, etc., they are named after heads of Government departments.

Just as in chess, there are rules about how the pieces may be moved, but the finance minister, for instance, can move in any direction according to will.

One democracy, it seems, is just like another.

TO be happy, one should avoid envy like the plague, but sometimes it's hard.

I have just read about a Hollywood producer who bought his wife an ermine cover for her typewriter to encourage her to write short stories.

So many of us go round determining to write short stories at some future date when we are equipped with a plot and the energy.

But does anyone offer us an ermine cover for our typewriter?

It is not, as you might guess, the typewriter cover that is so enviable. It is the thought that the lady probably owns everything else desirable and her devoted husband is trying to think up some way to save her from boredom.

That must be so, because, as one woman to another, don't you think that if she hadn't some similar rich covering for herself she would be likely to throw the ermine typewriter cover in his face?



Dorothy Drain

CONTRIVERSY in Britain over the televising of the Coronation ceremony reached a pitch of considerable indignation.

On the face of it, the public's wish that the ceremony should be televised seemed reasonable.

Objectors reminded the pro-television faction that the Coronation ceremony was a religious one. It is worth remembering, however, that the Church of England newspaper in England made the acid comment early in the argument: "Monarchy in this country is not an underground movement."

There is no doubt that televising the entire ceremony would impose a great strain on the Queen, and perhaps an even greater one on those taking part who, unlike Royalty, have not been trained since childhood to be composed in the public gaze.

Mr. Churchill, supporting the move for television, said: "There is, I feel, a broad, general opinion in this country—though I accept no personal responsibility for pronouncing it—that fuller advantage should be taken of modern mechanical arrangements now available through television to enable the many millions of people outside the Abbey to see what is seen by the congregation of notables."

Very fairly put. After all, a lot of the notables will make use of the internal combustion engine and the flying machine to get there.

I AM still following with panting enthusiasm the marital fortunes of Mr. Frank Sinatra and Miss Ava Gardner.

Before this paper goes to press they may have decided to divorce or make up, but one of the suggestions I enjoyed most was that politics might be a basis for their reconciliation. Both of them were supporters of Adlai Stevenson.

It is a pretty thought, and one that could be adapted by Australian couples.

Scene:—The breakfast nook.

Husband:—This darned coffee is too weak, as usual.

Wife:—Yes, dear, but it costs ten shillings a pound. However, at the Liberal Party rally yesterday our speaker said this is not the fault of Mr. Menzies.

Husband:—Oh he did, did he? How long have you been going to political meetings?

Wife:—Five years, dear.

Husband:—Fancy that. We must have a talk sometime, mustn't we?

Wife:—That would be lovely. About the Senate?

Husband:—Oh, splendid!

"Surely there's some mistake," St. Peter said

And turned again his record book to scan. "I had not thought to see him yet awhile, "Forgetting sometimes he was mortal man.

"I rather think old arguments may flare, "As Billy joins his friends within the gate; "Ah well," St. Peter smiled, "a change is good,

"It's been a little quiet here of late."



Similarly  
A FINE WATCH DESERVES  
A FINE Handley BAND

When you're fashionably dressed for an important occasion, does your watch-band—your most important jewellery accessory—do justice to your watch and to you? The perfect complement to a fine watch is a fine Handley Gematic band, available now at your jewellers in a superb range of 25 beautiful designs for men and women.



SEE THE RANGE OF "ARTIST-STYLED" HANDLEY WATCHBANDS & BRACELETS AT YOUR JEWELLERS TODAY!



..thanks to  
**KIWI**

THE WAX SHOE POLISH THAT GIVES A BRIGHTER SHINE FOR A LONGER TIME

Nine colours — Black • Dark Tan • Mid Tan • Tan • Brown • Mahogany • Ox Blood • Blue • Neutral.



AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST SELLING SHOE POLISH



*Gay* **LOOK,** *Fresher* **FLAVOUR,** *New* **APPEAL**

FOR ALL MY SWEETS, ICES, PUDDINGS, MILK DRINKS

with

# Brooke's "NYSA" TOPPINGS

These delicious "NYSA" Toppings add a touch of real luxury to so many dishes . . . I just pour them straight from the decanter and everyone in the family can enjoy their favourite flavour . . . choose from STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE, PASSION FRUIT, RASPBERRY, CARAMEL and CHOCOLATE . . . such true flavours and so concentrated too!



THIS DECANTER AVAILABLE ONLY  
IN NEW SOUTH WALES

IN HANDSOME  
RE-USABLE DECANTERS

THIS STYLE AVAILABLE IN ALL  
OTHER STATES  
Buy Mother a set of 6 for Christmas!

LOOK FOR BROOKE'S "NYSA" TOPPINGS . . . . . LOOK FOR BROOKE'S "EXA" CONCENTRATED CORDIALS

**Make your own  
delicious Fruit Drinks at trifling cost**

WITH

## Brooke's EXA CONCENTRATED CORDIALS

3 DELICIOUS FLAVOURS — LEMON, ORANGE, RASPBERRY, LIME, KOLA

Brooke's "EXA" is so highly concentrated, so true-to-flavour that one small bottle, with sugar and water added, makes 120 delightful long drinks everyone will enjoy — especially the small folk — and each drink costs a mere fraction of a penny. Ask for "EXA" to-day!

**120 DRINKS  
FROM EVERY BOTTLE**

HOW MANY  
DRINKS FROM THIS  
BOTTLE OF EXA?



120 DRINKS!



by the makers of  
'LEMOS' and 'OROS'





## THE GUARDIAN OF YOUR MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION . . . *sight*



Your Optometrist is a man of science, qualified after long years of continual study to bring you the latest developments in optical research—brilliant achievements from the laboratories of the world's most famous scientists.

It is almost impossible to estimate the full worth of the services provided by Optometrists—professional examination to detect the presence of pathological eye conditions—careful measurement of your ability to see—skilled preparation and scientific execution of the prescription when glasses

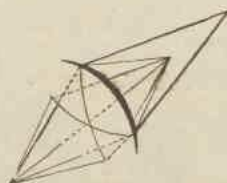
are needed—so much to further better vision, brought within the reach of all by your Optometrists—the guardians of sight.

So much depends on clear vision—your ability to work successfully, to fully enjoy your leisure, to appreciate all that is beautiful in the world—yet it's so easy to take this priceless possession for granted, so easy to neglect your eyes until failing vision handicaps you in business and social life. Decide now to safeguard your sight with regular eye examinations at least every

two years. Your Optometrist will recommend glasses only when strictly necessary—to prevent symptoms caused by eyestrain—to correct them if they have already developed—to prevent further impairment of vision. Be guided by his professional advice.



BETTER VISION  
FOR BETTER LIVING





## HOW TO EASE FULLNESS AFTER EATING



Down up after eating? Slip a QUICK-EZE into your mouth. In a few moments you'll be right again because QUICK-EZE neutralises excess acidity in seconds, restore the digestive balance and soothe the delicate stomach and intestinal linings.

Never be without a handy pack of QUICK-EZE.



take  
**QUICK-EZE**  
for  
**INDIGESTION**

ANTACID AS A PAIN-RELIEVER



Make friends  
with the Sun

Remember, in your tanning the only way to get the most out of your tan is to use Nyal Kwik Tan. Cream or Sun Oil—both containing the most potent tanning ingredients—Kwik Tan. Cream or Sun Oil—both containing the most potent tanning ingredients—Kwik Tan. Cream or Sun Oil—both containing the most potent tanning ingredients—Kwik Tan.



**NYAL  
KWIK TAN**

# Worth Reporting

OUT at The Lakes Golf Club, Sydney, we met the United States professional golf champion Jim Turnesa and Ed ("Porky") Oliver II.

With fellow-Americans Lloyd Mangrum and Jimmy Demaret they were taking part in the Sydney division of the Ampol tournament.

Ed II has been labelled, we consider, by the nickname "Porky."

Certainly he is robust, but by walking 20 miles a week for the past 17 years he has covered 17,680 miles on golf courses from Delaware to Wack Wack, in the Philippines. He started walking as a 13-year-old caddy.

With his wife, Clare, Ed likes fishing, and has caught marlin and bonito.

Renowned for his blinding golf shirts, windcheaters, and socks, Ed informed us that he is willing to subdue the color on formal occasions, when he appears in white shirt, black tuxedo and trousers.

Brown-faced Jim Turnesa, who calls himself an "unlucky bachelor," is lucky at golf if not in love.

His mileage is considerable, too, and he wears out at least four pairs of spiked golf-shoes a year on fairways and greens.

"Golf is a good game," he drawled. "I don't get sick of it. I don't mind crowds following me around. They help me to concentrate."

"Golf courses are good everywhere. There are some fine clubs in the States and I've played most of them. Yet in all that time I've only managed to hole in one once—and it wasn't in a tournament, either."

**A MELBOURNE woman** has a bright idea for a roving garden.

She grows tulips in a wheelbarrow. By wheeling it from spot to spot in her garden she can have a colorful view from any room in her home.

## A school for parakeets

IN Detroit, U.S.A., there is a college for parakeets which the owner, Mr. Harry Smithson, claims is the only one of its kind in the world.

Each "student" has a tiny record player in its classroom and listens to recordings of human voices.

Lessons consist of repeating such sentences as "Budgie is a bad, bad boy."

After two weeks' study the pupils are turned over to their owners, who carry on.

Mr. Smithson has estimated that the average parakeet can speak about 50 words, but some can cope with 150.



"Why, yes, General, I believe there IS a message."

## THE menu at the Health

Week luncheon in Sydney included all sorts of healthy foods—mixed salads, nuts, cheese, and fruit salad and ice-cream topped with huge blobs of whipped cream.

In between eating, guests drank orange and lemon juice, Australian wine, and milk.

The milk was very popular, proving that Health Week organisers practice what they preach.

## Red roofs fascinate Indian artists

TWO visiting Indian artists, Sushil Sarkar and Sukumar Bose, are very excited about Australian houses.

"All those lovely little houses with their beautiful red roofs. That color is wonderful. It is our Indian red," they told us.

Mr. Sarkar and Mr. Bose have come to Australia with an exhibition of Indian art—300 original paintings by more than 150 Indian artists.

The exhibition, which will be shown in the capital cities of the Commonwealth, commenced on November 3 at the National Art Gallery in Sydney.

Both artists are well known in India and have been painting in the traditional and modern manner for more than 20 years.

Sushil Sarkar said that most of India's artists are traditional because that type of work is more popular in India.

"But we have our moderns, too," he explained. "We have cubists, surrealists, and all those other modern ones."

Both Mr. Sarkar and Mr. Bose are Hindus from New Delhi, and told us there are no tabus where painting and art are concerned.

Sukumar Bose said that Hindus could paint Moslem subjects or things which were taboo in normal life because the painter is unfettered by religious beliefs.

"My painting of the birth of Christ, in the Indian traditional style, was sent to Rome last year for a religious festival," he added.

## LONDON TALK

By Michael Plant

I WAS reminded of H. G. Wells' time machine when I walked into Jermyn Street one night this week. It was like taking a step 300 years into the past.

The narrow street echoed to the jingle and rumble of elegant carriages.

Ladies of mode and beauty curtisied to one another, and little puffs of powder wafted from their elaborate wigs. Dashing beaux gathered on the street corners.

The occasion was organised by the chic restaurants of Jermyn Street, who invited the cream of London society and celebrities to a banquet (one course at each restaurant) on condition they came wearing costumes of Restoration England.

I saw Margaret Rutherford jammed into a poky sedan chair carried by two panting lackeys.

FOR six months "The Young Elizabeth" has been playing to capacity houses at the Criterion Theatre. Although many people are turned away, one box on the left-hand side of the stage is always empty.

Inquiring about it at the box office, I was told quite simply: "We never sell that box. It's haunted."

I asked the star of the show, Mary Morris, if she had ever seen the ghost.

"Often," she replied. "He wears 18th-century costume."

"Doesn't it worry you when you're acting?" I asked.

"Only when he sits with his back to the stage and watches the audience," she said. "But I suppose he's seen the show so many times he's bored with it."

THE highlight of a glamorous Park Lane ball recently was a fashion show in which five of the mannequins were Australian girls.

Star of the show was Fairy Folkes, who came from Sydney two years ago. She is well on the way to becoming one of London's top models and has no intention of returning home.

Another Australian mannequin was Margaret Kerr, wife of comedian Bill Kerr. She not only modelled, but also designed several dresses for the show.

**FASHION footnote:** I saw Glynis Johns window-shopping in Bond St. wearing two Victorian silver-decorated labels—one as a necklace and one as a brooch holding a spray of Parma violets.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD

## Beauty in the Room.. Begins at the Window



OR  
INDIRECT  
LIGHTING

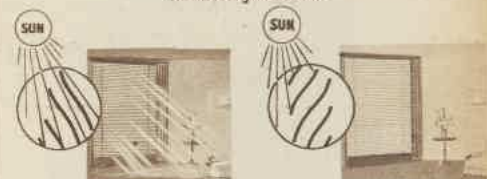
**Kirsch All Metal  
VENETIAN BLINDS**

IN LOVELY PASTEL SHADES

give you beauty at the window

The Kirsch exclusive "S" shaped slat makes this possible

The secret of light control lies in the tilt of the slats—in these diagrams we think of the tilt as viewed from the inside of the room.



**Direct Lighting:** By tilting the slats down we allow sunlight to shine through between the slats. This of course makes use of the sun's heat when required and allows us to obtain the full effects of direct sunlight in the room.

**Indirect Lighting:** In this diagram we tilt the slats upward—sunlight is intercepted, reflected to the ceiling and thence into the room. In the illustration showing indirect lighting at the top of this advertisement we notice that there need be no unpleasant glare even when facing the window.

**IMPORTANT: WHICHEVER WAY THE SLATS ARE TILTED, KIRSCH BLINDS LOOK BEAUTIFUL—INSIDE AND OUT.**

## Other Important Advantages of the Kirsch "S" Shaped Slat

1. Two-way strength is built into each Kirsch slat because it curves in two directions but takes up a minimum of depth thus providing more visibility, more light when you want it.
2. Before light rays enter the room they are diffused backwards and forwards by Kirsch "S" shaped slats—thus providing a softer and more pleasing illumination.
3. When blocking of light or privacy is required Kirsch "S" shaped slats, curving toward one another, give a maximum degree of closure.
4. Kirsch "S" shaped slats being wider give better overlap and closure.
5. Kirsch slats are made to a world-wide standard of quality that has proved Kirsch to be the leading Venetian Blind in almost every country in the world.

Architects, Interior Decorators, Builders—they all recommend Kirsch. They realise the comfort and the beauty of the "S" shape—no matter which way it is tilted. They realise the added grace and charm which Kirsch gives to every room. Kirsch blinds are available at leading city, country and suburban stores.

Choose the Name You Know!

**Kirsch Company**  
(A Wormald Brothers Industry)  
(AUST.) LTD.

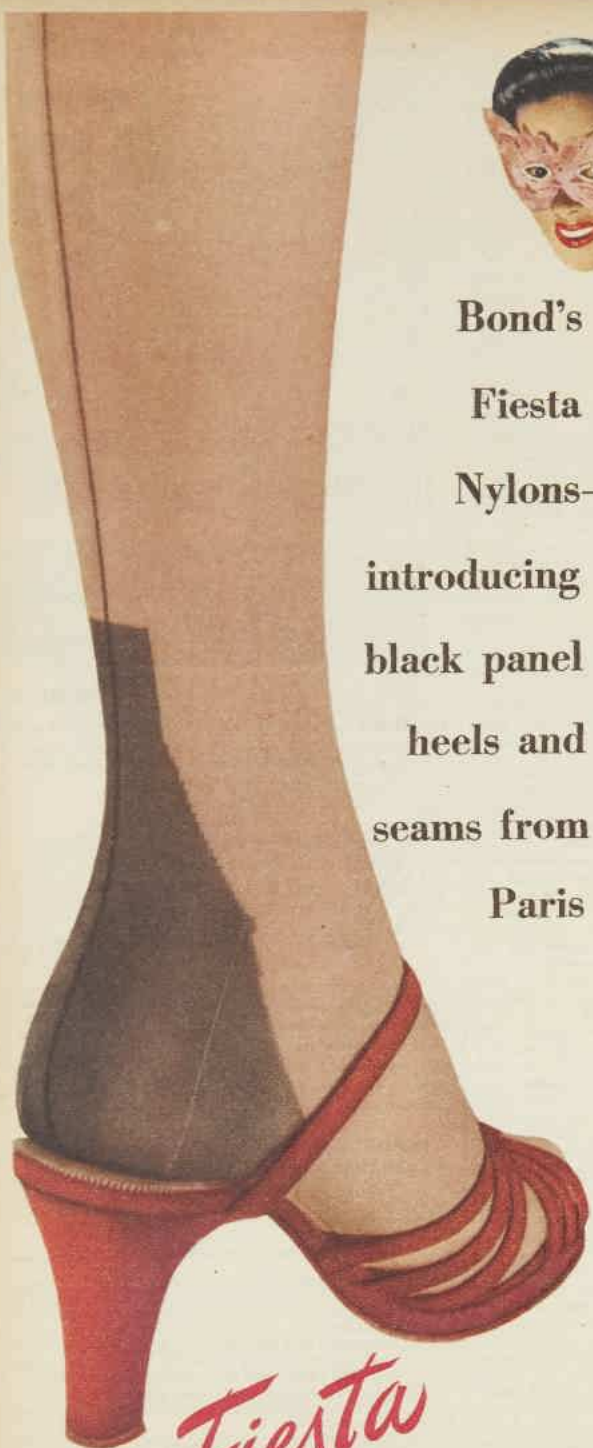


18 Little Curson St. MELBOURNE  
Box 1578, G.P.O. SYDNEY  
Box 59A, G.P.O. BRISBANE

Remember—always use Kirsch Cut-to-measure Curtain Rods—and Gold Seal Extension Rods

KN17/142





Bond's  
Fiesta  
Nylons—  
introducing  
black panel  
heels and  
seams from  
Paris

*Fiesta*  
by BOND'S

For the spice of Parisian naughtiness—the touch of Parisian elegance, Fiesta brings you the new black panel heel. A new jet-black heel that seems even blacker against the filmy 15 denier stocking that slimly hugs your ankle. Three leg-flattering colours—Manana, Serenta and Amor—and straight as a die is Fiesta's jet-black seam . . . (If you like your 15 deniers plain, Bond's are still making your favourite "Fiesta" colour with a plain heel.)

Made on the latest American machinery in a special air-conditioned factory, the nylon in Bond's "Fiestas" cannot contract. That's why they're guaranteed for length, fit, stretch and texture.

More news about heels! This Spring, Bond's Gossamer nylons star the New York Shadow Heel.



Bond's lace-bordered nightgown — cut LOW. Peach and white, sizes SW to OS.

**BOND'S**  
HONEYMOON UNDIES

at everyday prices!



Bond's lace-edged Petti-slip. Smooth-clinging glove silk or shimmering swami, with a firm elasticised waist, gathered skirt, dainty bow trim. Peach and white, sizes SW and W.



Bond's lace-panelled Briefs. Sleek-fitting swami or glove silk, with pretty pleated insets of ruffled lace. Peach and white, sizes SSW to W.

**Bond's make the most exquisite matched underwear sets, too!**



In Melbourne...

it's the

**HOTEL  
MANYUNG**



MANYUNG, on the Peninsula, is but an hour from the city, yet the food, the "motel-the-clock" room service and the accommodation surpass anything in the metropolis. All-inclusive tariff £12/6 a day.

For Reservations:  
**HOTEL MANYUNG**  
Mt. Eliza, Victoria  
Phone Mt. Eliza 254

## BORN SKATER



They take a bow—meet Sam MacCall of Coogee, a star at Sydney's Skating Ice Rinks at 4 years of age!

"She practices her skating every day," says her mother, "and always takes along her Vegemite sandwiches for lunch. I'm sure Vegemite helps keep her strong and lively". You and your family need Vegemite daily because it's a pure, concentrated yeast extract—not merely a vegetable extract. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the strengthening Vitamin B group—B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub> and Nicotin. Ask for Vegemite—richest in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, richest in B<sub>2</sub>, lowest in cost. Made by Kraft. **KV34**



Prevents "Wind" Pains

NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each feeding is the ideal preventive for "wind" pain and acidity in infants. Its gentle action soothes regular bowels, the NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even pleasant to take—pure and safe for even the youngest child. **Sunderland or Remy**  
10/- 2/4, 12/- 3/11

**NYAL**  
MILK of MAGNESIA

A doctor writes about...

# Some of my patients

*A growth wasn't dangerous...  
The over-cooked sunbaker*

WHEN Mrs. Williams came into the surgery this morning she looked very worried. "Sit down," I said to her. "What's troubling you?"

"I've got a lump growing on my left shoulder," she told me. "At my age lumps usually mean trouble, don't they?"

"Not necessarily," I reassured her. "Let's have a look at it. Does it hurt?"

"No," she said, "but I'm sure it's getting bigger."

I examined the shoulder and said, "Just stop worrying about malignant growths at once, Mrs. Williams. You've got a simple fatty tumor or cyst, and I can remove that here and now."

"Thank heavens," exclaimed Mrs. Williams, greatly relieved. "How would I get such a thing, though?"

"It's not known, really, but it's a very innocent growth of connective tissues that can crop up in anyone at any age."

"This needle," I added, as I injected some local anaesthetic, "is, I think, all you'll feel of the operation."

I incised over the swelling, added more local anaesthetic, and removed the offending tumor. I put in a few stitches.

"That does it," I said, dusting the area with penicillin and sulphur powder. "I hope I've removed your worry along with that little lump."

"I'll let you know it's exact name when you have the stitches out next week. Until then keep it covered with this dressing."

"Thanks very much," said Mrs. Williams. "I'm certainly relieved to know it's not serious, and glad to be rid of it."

I sent the specimen to the pathologist, who dubbed it Lipoma, a non-malignant fatty tumor which sometimes grows singly or in groups.

There's a tendency to regard any kind of odd swelling with awe. But many are

non-cancerous, simple things like Mrs. Williams'.

It's a mistake to neglect such a thing, of course. If a growth should be malignant, great hope lies in its early diagnosis and treatment.

AUSTRALIANS are very proud of their beaches, and that's as it should be. A beach in mid-summer would be hard to beat, I think. The surf, soft sand—so ideal for basking on—the girls in their pretty swimsuits, and the brown young men, all topped by a blue sky.

But the one element I didn't mention is the one poor little Helen Raymond forgot, too. That's Old Sol himself.

I saw Helen this morning. She was a sorry sight; red, swollen, and sore. It was painful for her to walk.

"She simply asked for it," her mother said crossly, "sunbaking at the hottest time of the day."

"The others did, too," Helen defended herself.

"They might be used to it," I said. "If you take the sun little by little you get a protective pigment and can indulge in a lot of sunbaking."

"But cooking yourself all at one go, Helen, is just plain painful. You won't even get a tan out of it, as your poor frizzled skin will peel off."

"I had an oily lotion all over me," the girl told me.

"None of those things is any good if you overdo it," I replied. "The little protection they give only lasts a short while. But then, as I said, if you sunbake a little at a time you do no harm and any cosmetic lotion is a help."

"Have you any calomine lotion, Mrs. Raymond? Doh Helen generously with that. It's very soothing. I'll prescribe a sedative so she'll sleep comfortably, and also some local anaesthetic cream for those painful parts under her knees and inside the elbows."

"Don't scold her any more, Mrs. Raymond," I said as I left the room. "She's had her lesson, and a very sore one."

Even well-baked beachgoers shouldn't neglect their eyes and lips. Dark glasses ought to be worn and lots of zinc cream applied to the lips.

There have been cases of skin cancers, particularly of the mouth, whose cause was simply chronic over-exposure to the sun.

I don't want to sound gloomy about a favorite summer sport, but, as the old saying goes, prevention is better than cure.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.



"Henry doesn't tan."

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Young fox is one thousand in modern art (6).
- Shine a European (6).
- Beam on artificial silk (5).
- Put into more convincing words about condition (7).
- May nest (anagram) (7).
- Printer's measure to consume undiluted (4).
- Disorder but any European may take it for his half pint (8).
- Such stream is to be found in a sewing woman (4).
- Demand in wagers are panners (7).
- Low wall with a favorite ending (7).
- Annotations constituting mainly of broken toes (6).
- Not so much on thing to be learned (6).
- Kind of pinners to make angry mixed in a postscript (6).



Solution to last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- Shorten the tail of a worthless dog (7).
- Bark on and the French weapon (7).
- Wicked that Iris sent (8).
- The French mineral gives a classical language (5).
- Mixed tea as it filled (7).
- You may carry on them something or bring them to the church as money (5).
- It's yours or mine (8).
- Repeat it with a rodent in ease (7).
- Show full of heat (7).
- Sisters (anagram) (7).
- Weaken a slangy rage (5).
- Conditions confused as men (5).

Loads of —  
Fresh air  
Fun and Sun  
on a  
**Byclops**



Cyclops toys take all the rough and tumble of childish games because they are built to last for years.

**Byclops**

Look for the brand on every toy.

Cyclops Toys make the best presents for birthdays, Christmas and rewards for things well done.

In Paris  
London  
New York...

women  
are buying  
perfume this new way

## 5/- HANDBAG PHIALS OF 5 GNS. PERFUME

There is no finer perfume made than Goya—yet all you need pay for it is 5/-! The perfume in Goya handbag phials is the same as that in Goya's world-famous 5 gns. bottles—there is simply less of it. These phials were introduced by Goya so that a woman could carry perfume about with her, in her handbag; so that at any moment of the day, no matter where she was, she could renew and refresh her fragrance. Get a handbag phial of Goya perfume today!



Handbag Phials by

**Goya**

Goya's HEATHER. Like a breeze from the moors, sharp, clean and refreshing. Goya's VIBRATION. Gay and vital, as sparkling as crystal.

In scented fragrances: Gardenia, Rose, Espagnole, Pink, Mimosa, No. 3, Diction, Vibrations, Goya Heather.

MADE IN ENGLAND

Sole Distributors: James Hure & Co. Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins St., MELB.



# EAT



**..and keep slim with**

Crisply baked, golden brown Vita-Weat! Delicious to taste and full of the goodness of whole wheat. Served with meals, for picnics, parties and lunches. Eat Vita-Weat as your daily crispbread to keep your energy up and your weight down.



**Vita-Weat**

*Vita-Weat is the perfect companion to give endless variety to parties, picnics and lunches. Try delicious Vita-Weat savouries with cheese, sausage, egg slices, sardines or what you will.*

**Peck Frean's Vita-Weat**  
(REGD.)

**CRISPBREAD**



# Stars in own life

The first omnibus-type film to be shot in Europe is being made in Italy. With daring originality, it presents true events in the lives of the five stars who act in it.

**SWEDISH** Ingrid Bergman, Italian Anna Magnani, Alida Valli, Isa Miranda, and Silvana Mangano are the five internationally-known actresses who are re-enacting episodes in their own lives before the camera.

Titled "We Women," the film is in the course of production in Rome.

Italian scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini is the driving force behind this ambitious film.

The plans of mice, men, and movie-makers are apt to go awry, but if Zavattini carries out his audacious ideas, the women starring Ingrid Bergman and Anna Magnani will be sensational.

The episode starring Alida Valli is complete, and that in which Isa Miranda appears is well advanced. Bergman and Mangano are next on the shooting schedule.

Rome is speculating why Anna Magnani insists upon being last in the line-up.

Talented Zavattini, who did an excellent writing job for "Miracle in Milan," "Bicycle Thieves," and in "Umberto D," claims that personal knowledge of the five stars enabled him to write the perfect scripts he has prepared.

From the most original scriptwriter would be at a loss to write a more arresting situation than the one which brings the names of Ingrid Bergman and Anna Magnani.

Her rivalry between the two women for the affection of Italian film director Roberto Rossellini had the world talking not long ago. Her name had been linked romantically with Rossellini's for years. Ingrid married him in 1950.

To add frustration to fury, Magnani also lost the race to reveal the release of the Rossellini-Bergman film.



**INGRID BERGMAN**, who was one of the highest-paid film stars in the world a few years ago, is anxious to make a comeback to popularity with moviegoers. Ingrid has agreed to a film version of her own life.

"Stromboli" with her own film, "Volcano."

Screen credits for "We Women" will read—"These confidences were gathered by Cesare Zavattini and compiled for the screen by him in collaboration with the director."

All going well, "We Women" will be the first of a series of episodic pictures in which Zavattini hopes top-ranking European and possibly American stars will participate.

"We have abandoned the concept of the mythical great star," said Zavattini. "We are going to make human beings of all these great actresses, as if they themselves were confiding with their public."

The first episode of "We Women," starring sweet-faced Valli, points up the confidential tone of proceedings.

Relating how she became involved in a love triangle at one period of her life, Valli's story discloses how she resolved her problem.

Under the direction of Alberto Lattuada, Isa Miranda is in a simple story with a hospital background.



**SILVANA MANGANO** (star of "Bitter Rice") is to commence work in "We Women" shortly.



**ISA MIRANDA** (of "La Ronde") has nearly completed her sequence in "We Women."



**VALLI**, who has a background of Hollywood films, enacts a true romance.



**ANNA MAGNANI**, one of the most tempestuous personalities in Continental films, is maintaining secrecy about her part in the film, in which she co-stars with Ingrid Bergman.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY November 12, 1952



**GIVE GROWING CHILDREN THIS CHEESE EVERY DAY!**



**WHY?**

**Because they like it . . .**

Even children who say they "don't like cheese" love Maxam's smooth, creamy, mellow-mild flavour. Just you try them!

**Because it contains all the elements for growth and good health!**

Maxam is so good for children. It is rich in solid Protein for energy and growth, Calcium and Phosphorus for strong bones and sound teeth, Vitamins A, B & D for healthy growth and protection against disease.

**Because for you, Mother, it is so wonderfully economical . . .**

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## Talking of Films

★ The Merry Widow

FRANZ LEHAR'S enchanting operetta "The Merry Widow" comes to the screen with the musical score complete, plus extravagant technicolor trimmings in the M.G.M. manner.

The story of gay, glamorous Widow Radek, who is carried to the Ruritanian state of Marshovia and is swept into a whirl of romance, will revive nostalgic memories for many people.

If gaiety runs a bit thin under the heavy-handed touch of Lana Turner, her Widow Radek looks radiant most of the time.

As dashing Count Danilo, the man who is ordered by the Marshovian monarch (Thomas Gomez) to marry the widow for her money, Fernando Lamas is as romantic a figure as you could hope for.

He has casual verve as a singer of tuneful ballads, and

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed

wears a number of dazzling uniforms handsomely. Secondary cast members Una Merkel, Marcel Dalio, and Richard Haydn are in good form. In Sydney—St. James and Liberty.

SO as not to offend us, Ealing have tactfully changed the character of Bennett in "The Cruel Sea," which will be one of this year's biggest British films. In the best-selling book, Bennett, an unsavory lout, was Australian. In the film he has been changed to British. Said Ealing executive Major Reggie Baker, "We have too many friends in Australia."

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Ladies of the Chorus," musical comedy, starring Marilyn Monroe, Adele Jergens. (Re-release.) Plus "Barbed Wire," Western, starring Gene Autry.

CIVIC.—★ "Colt 45," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Ruth Roman. Plus ★ "Caged," drama, starring Eleanor Parker, Agnes Moorehead. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★★★ "The Sound Barrier," aircraft drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Return of the Texan," drama, starring Dale Robertson, Joanne Dru. Plus "Fighting Back," domestic drama, starring Jean Rogers. (Re-release.)

LIBERTY and ST. JAMES.—★ "The Merry Widow," technicolor musical, starring Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Francis Goes to West Point," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Lori Nelson. Plus ★★ "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?" technicolor comedy, starring Charles Coburn, Piper Laurie.

LYRIC.—★ "Man in the Saddle," technicolor Western, starring Randolph Scott, Joan Leslie. Plus "The Swordsman," technicolor adventure, starring Larry Parks, Ellen Drew. (Both re-releases.)

PARK.—★ "The Outlaw," Western, starring Jane Russell, Jack Buell. (Re-release.) Plus "Bodyguard," thriller, starring Lawrence Tierney, Priscilla Lane.

PLAZA.—★★★ "High Noon," Western, starring Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado. Plus "One Big Affair," comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Evelyn Keyes.

REGENT.—★★ "Dreamboat," romantic comedy, starring Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers. Plus ★★ "The Narrow Margin," thriller, starring Charles McGraw.

SAVOY.—★★ "Pagliacci," Italian film opera, starring Tito Gobbi, Gina Lollobrigida, Alfio Poli. Plus "Storm in a Teacup," comedy, starring Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh. (Re-release.)

STATE.—★ "Ten Tall Men," technicolor adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland, Michael Pate. Plus ★ "Home to Danger," thriller, starring Guy Rolfe.

VARIETY.—★★ "Crosswinds," technicolor adventure, starring John Payne, Rhonda Fleming. Plus ★ "Monkey Business," Marx Brothers' comedy. (Re-release.)

VICTORY.—★★ "The Dark Page," thriller, starring Broderick Crawford, John Derek, Donna Reed. Plus "Texas Ranger," Western, starring George Montgomery.

#### Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"My Wife's Best Friend," romantic comedy, starring Macdonald Carey, Anne Baxter. Plus featurettes.

MAYFAIR.—"O. Henry's Full House," dramatised short stories, starring Jean Peters, David Wayne, Charles Laughton. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Beware My Lovely," thriller, starring Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan. Plus "Fun on a Week-end," comedy, starring Eddie Bracken, Priscilla Lane. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Something to Live For," romantic drama, starring Ray Milland, Joan Fontaine, Teresa Wright. Plus featurettes.

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**COMMANDING** Indian fighters, daring Captain Quincy Wyatt (Gary Cooper), left, Lt. Tufts (Richard Webb) and guide Monk (Arthur Hunnicutt), greets his troops.



**2 RESCUE** of white prisoners follows destruction by Wyatt of Seminole outpost. Judy Beckett (Mari Aldon) and her faithful maid Amelia (Angelita McCall) are among those freed. They proceed to the shore of the lake to wait for sailboat.

## DISTANT DRUMS...



**SWAMP** retards progress of troops when Wyatt has to order a retreat into the jungle to frustrate vicious Seminole counter-attack.

★ Starring Gary Cooper as an experienced swamp-fighter, Warners' technicolor adventure "Distant Drums" is a story of the Seminole Indian Wars of 1840.

Raoul Walsh, who is noted for his flair with outdoor action material, directed the picture.

Filmed on location in Florida's steaming Everglades, the scene of film action shifts from dense, impenetrable jungle country to the wide beaches where original battles were fought.



**4 ATTACK** by Seminoles causes Wyatt to split up his troops into two detachments; one is to go for help under leadership of Monk, the other to build canoes for escape.



**WOUNDED** Monk staggers into Wyatt's camp to tell of the ambush of his party. Monk and his men are forced to go deeper into the jungle. Army H.Q. sends rescue party for Wyatt.



**6 CAMP** provides opportunity for Judy and Wyatt to become better acquainted after initial hostility. An Indian captured by troops tells of a nearby Seminole village. The braves of the tribe are seeking Wyatt, who decides to investigate.



**STEALTHILY** entering the Seminole village, Wyatt and troops discover what remains of the other detachment after a bout in a crocodile pit. The Seminoles attack, and Wyatt prepares to make a last bitter stand.



**8 UNDERWATER** struggle follows Wyatt's taunt to Seminole chief Ocala (Larry Carper). Ocala dies, and rescue troops arrive in time to quell bewildered Indians. Later, Wyatt and Judy leave for his home.



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THICKER, RICHER SUDS.

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# Fashion PATTERNS

## PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2231.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make beach wrap. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/.

F2226

F2228

F2229

F2227

F2227.—Short-sleeved shirtmaker with wide skirtline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2229.—Sundress and matching stole ensemble. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.

F2231

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 340.—BOY'S SHIRT

Tailored shirt for a small boy is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham. The color choice includes green and white, blue and white, red and white.

Sizes: 2 years, 12/9; 3 years, 13/6; 4 years, 14/3; 5-6 years, 14/11. Postage and registration, 1/1 extra.

340

538

539

and green. Sizes 18in. length for 2 years, 4/11. Postage, 10d. extra. 20in. length for 4 years, 5/9. Postage, 10d. extra. 23in. length for 6 years, 6/9. Postage, 11d. extra. 27in. length for 8 years, 7/3. Postage, 11d. extra.

### No. 341.—WRAP-OVER HOUSEFROCK

A practical housefrock is obtainable cut out ready to make in Bonnie Prince striped haircord cotton. The color choice includes red and white, green and white, yellow and white, blue and white, pink and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 36/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 38/6. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

### No. 338.—FAN DUCHESSE SET

actively designed duchesse set is obtainable only traced ready to embroider in cream Irish linen and in sheer linen. The color choice includes sky-blue, pink, lemon, green, and white. One cotton, blue, pink, lemon, and green. Size measures 15½in. x 12in., and the two other must 8in. x 8½in. Prices: Linen, 9/11; cotton, 6/3. Postage, 7d. extra.

### No. 339.—SMALL GIRL'S APRON

pretty apron with heart-shaped pockets is available cut out ready to make in flowered cotton in tonings of blue, lemon, pink,

## WESTERN AUSTRALIAN REGULATIONS

### SOUTH AUSTRALIAN REGULATIONS

(2) In the case of a liquid preparation,

## VICTORIAN FOOD AND DRUG REGULATIONS

'Avoid repeated skin contact. Do not spray on food or food utensils. Wash hands after using'.

## QUEENSLAND INSECTICIDES REGULATIONS

Provided that where any insecticide contains dichlorodiphenyl-trichloroethane (DDT) or gamma-hexachlorocyclohexane (666) the label shall contain in addition the following statement printed in red letters:—

### CAUTION

Keep away from cooking and eating utensils and avoid contact with foodstuffs.

## HEALTH DEPARTMENTS WARN ON D.D.T. SPRAYS

Most Australian State Health Departments have gazetted Regulations requiring a statement printed on each D.D.T. Insect Spray Label warning against the use of the Spray in the vicinity of food and cooking and eating utensils or where contamination of the skin is likely.

The new activated non-poisonous MORTEIN PLUS does not contain D.D.T. and can be sprayed under any conditions with complete safety. Mortein Plus contains powerful, proven, safe Pyrethrum—Pyrethrum rendered many times more powerful by the new synergist Piperonyl Butoxide. These two ingredients make MORTEIN PLUS the fastest killing insect spray known to science.

The new activated MORTEIN PLUS is not only unbelievably effective against flies, mosquitoes and all insect pests, but it is completely harmless to humans and warm-blooded animals.

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NEW ACTIVATED  
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MOTHERS KNOW—

EGGS

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# Holbrookes

FOUNDED OVER 150 YEARS AGO



The *only* sauce  
to make it perfect !





# Christmas is coming

**As well as the traditional pudding and cake, make a cherry-nut-date cake to be ready for unexpected callers.**

**R**ICH cakes and puddings improve if kept three or four weeks. The flavor develops and they are less likely to crumble when cut.

Lighter cakes and puddings do not keep well and should be made closer to Christmas. Icings for cakes are applied one or two days before cutting.

Use good-quality ingredients and follow recipes carefully and this year's festive food will win you lots of praise.

All spoon measurements are level.

## CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Eight ounces flour, 8oz. fine white breadcrumbs, 1lb. currants, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 4oz. peel (or use 3lb. mixed fruit), 1lb. brown sugar, 1lb. beef suet or 1lb. butter, 8 eggs, 1 large carrot, 6 tablespoons rum, sherry, or brandy, almond essence, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons spice, 1 teaspoon bicarb. soda.

Prepare fruit, chop peel finely, scrub and grate carrot. Remove skin from suet, chop very finely. Sift flour, salt, soda, and spices; add suet, mix well. If using butter, rub into dry ingredients. Add fruit, carrot, breadcrumbs, and sugar. Beat eggs, gradually add spirits and essence. Stir into dry ingredients, mix thoroughly. Add boiled three-pences or trinkets if desired. Allow to stand 1 hour. Fill into two greased and floured pudding-basins. Cover each with greased paper. Rinse pudding-cloths in hot water, wring out, lightly flour, and place over puddings. Tie tightly. Plunge into boiling water, boil 7 to 8 hours. Keep pudding covered with boiling water.

On day of serving reboil for 2 to 3 hours.

If preferred, pudding may be cooked in cloth only. Prepare as directed above. When tying, allow sufficient space for pudding to swell.

## ECONOMICAL CHRISTMAS PUDDING

(Make on day of serving.)

One and a half cups flour, 1 teaspoon spice, pinch salt, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup currants, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup warm water, 3oz. butter or substitute, almond essence, 1 cup rum, sherry, or brandy.

Sift flour, spice, and salt. Add prepared fruits and sugar. Dissolve soda in warm water, add melted shortening and a few drops of almond essence. Pour into dry ingredients. Add spirits, mix well. Place in pudding-cloth which has been wrung from hot water and lightly floured. Tie tightly, leaving a little space for swelling. Plunge into boiling water. Boil 2 to 3 hours. Serve with sweet white sauce or custard.

Pudding may be cooked in a basin as given in recipe for Christmas pudding.

## BRANDY SAUCE

Half pint water, 1 tablespoon arrowroot or corn-flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 tablespoons brandy.

Blend cornflour with a little of the water. Heat remaining water and sugar. Stir in blended arrowroot, continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Add brandy, mix well, pour into heated serving-jug.

## SHERRY SAUCE

One gill (1 pint) sherry, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 2 egg-yolks (keep whites for future use).

## BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

Beat egg-yolks slightly with sugar, add sherry, mix well. Beat over gently boiling water until thick and creamy. Watch carefully to avoid curdling.

## HARD SAUCE

Four ounces butter, 8 tablespoons sifted icing sugar, 2 or 3 tablespoons brandy, rum, or sherry.

Cream butter and sugar; slowly add spirits. Mix well.

## RICH CHRISTMAS CAKE

One and a half pounds sultanas, 1lb. raisins, 4oz. currants, 4oz. crystallised or glace cherries, 4oz. shredded mixed peel (or use 2 1/2lb. mixed fruit), 1 cup rum, brandy, or sherry, 8oz. butter, 8oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each grated lemon and orange rind, few drops almond essence, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons marmalade, 1 teaspoon caramel or Parisian essence, 4 eggs, 2 1/2 cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon and nutmeg.

Prepare fruit; wash, stem, and dry. Place in basin, pour spirits over, mix well. Cover and stand over-

night. Cream butter with sugar, grated fruit rinds, and essences. Add marmalade and caramel. Drop in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in prepared fruit alternately with sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Fill into 8in. or 9in. square or round cake-tin, lined with three layers of brown paper and one layer of white paper. Bake in lower half of very moderate oven 4 to 4 1/2 hours. Do not open oven door for at least 1 1/2 hours. Remove from oven, wrap (in tin) in clean paper, then a large towel. Leave until required.

## ECONOMICAL CHRISTMAS CAKE

One and a half pounds to 2lb. mixed fruit, 2 tablespoons chopped mixed peel, 1 cup rum, sherry, or brandy, 8oz. good shortening, 8oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, few drops almond essence, 1 teaspoon caramel or Parisian essence, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 4 eggs, 3 tablespoons orange juice, 2 1/2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon spice, pinch salt.

Place prepared fruit and peel in basin, pour spirits over, mix well. Cover and stand overnight. Cream shortening, sugar, caramel, essences, and jam until soft, light, and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in fruit, then sifted flour, soda, salt, and spice alternately with orange juice. Fill into 8in. round or square cake-tin lined with three thicknesses of brown paper and one of white paper. Bake in very moderate oven 3 1/2 to 4 hours. Wrap (in tin) in clean paper, then in a large towel; leave until required.

## CHERRY-NUT-DATE CAKE

Eight ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, 2 or 3ozs. glace or crystallised cherries, 4oz. blanched almonds, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 3 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder.

Cream shortening, sugar, and orange rind. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add chopped almonds, halved cherries, and dates. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour and baking powder. Fill into greased 9in. or 10in. round or square tin. Bake in moderate oven about 1 1/2 hours. Allow to cool. Decorate with cherries and nuts.

**YOUR Christmas pudding for 1952. It is rich and moist, with the fruit evenly distributed. Serve with brandy or hard sauce.**







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is a  
frook?*

Is it brand new, or does it look like new? In either case, how can you keep it that way? How can you make all your pretty things last longer—and go on looking lovely? Well, the answer to that problem is the ACME Cleanser-Wringer.

It's the scientific combination of Pressure Distribution and Pressure Indication that does the trick! ACME pressure distribution operates over the whole length of the resilient rubber rollers and wrings the thin as well as the thick parts of the wash, expelling embedded

dirt along with the surplus water... while ACME's new 3-point pressure indication takes the guesswork out of wringing. Everything from a bib to a blanket, gets exactly the right pressure suited to its weight and texture without any strain on delicate fibres. The whole wash—silks, cottons, linens, woollens—comes out fresher, cleaner, and with longer life ahead.



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## Tested recipes



MAKE a batch of choux pastry puffs next baking day and fill them with sweet or savory fillings for luncheon, dinner, afternoon tea, or supper. Creamed rabbit and celery fill the ones illustrated above.

A coconut-flavored meringue case filled with a smooth jellied chocolate mixture makes the summer sweet which wins the £5 prize in our cookery contest.

A SAVORY luncheon dish, which could be served with vegetables as a dinner course, and crisp oatmeal cheese biscuits win consolation prizes.

Try the cheese biscuits as a basis for party savories or serve them with celery sticks. All spoon measurements are level.

### CHOCOLATE MERINGUE GLORY

Two egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup desiccated coconut,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cream of tartar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt.

Beat egg-whites, salt, and cream of tartar until stiff and frothy. Gradually beat in sugar, continue beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture will stand up in peaks. Fold in coconut and vanilla. Spread over bottom and sides of well-greased 9in. tart-plate. Bake in a very moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes until meringue is set and very lightly browned. When quite cold, fill with chocolate filling.

Chocolate Filling: Two egg-yolks, 2oz. grated chocolate or 2 dessertspoons cocoa, 3 teaspoons gelatine, 3 table-spoons hot water, 2 table-spoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Heat milk, sugar, and chocolate (if using cocoa, blend with a little of the milk) until chocolate melts, stir in beaten egg-yolks, cook gently until slightly thickened. Do not boil. Cool. Add gelatine dissolved in hot water and lemon juice. When beginning to thicken, pour into meringue shell. Chill. Serve topped with cream or ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Richards, State School, Trafalgar East, Vic.

### OATMEAL CHEESE BISCUITS

Eight ounces fine oatmeal, 4oz. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 4oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, water to mix.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in butter or substitute. Add oatmeal and cheese, mix well. Add beaten egg-yolk and sufficient water to make into a stiff dough. Roll thinly on floured board,

cut into fingerlengths. Bake on greased trays in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Cool on trays. Store in airtight tins.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. W. Duck, 148 Carrington St., West Wallend, N.S.W.

### SAVORY LUNCHEON DISH

One cup cooked spaghetti or macaroni, 1 cup minced cooked meat, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 table-spoons tomato sauce, 1 table-spoon cooked onion, salt, pepper, 1 cup white sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 2oz. cheese, 1 large tomato, 1 or 2 rashers bacon.

Place spaghetti or macaroni in bottom of greased ovenproof dish. Mix meat with sauces and onion, season with salt and pepper, spread over macaroni. Cover with white sauce flavored with chopped parsley. Top with grated cheese, sliced tomato, and then chopped bacon. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes until thoroughly heated and until top mixture is cooked.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Kays, 12 Waverley Ave., Lenah Valley, Tas.

### BABY'S DIET

IT is now generally recognised that from the age of six months, and in special cases perhaps even earlier, both breast-fed and bottle-fed babies need small quantities of other foods in addition to milk.

The supply of iron which was stored in the liver cells of the baby before it was born is now becoming exhausted, and blood-counts taken at this age show that the body requires more iron and other minerals.

The rules for these important and necessary changes in diet are dealt with in a special chapter of the revised and enlarged third edition of "You And Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A.

Copies of the book are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from bookshops in all capital cities, price 8/6, postage 9d.

## Amazing new discovery kills indoor smells

*It's the wick that does the trick*



FOR HOME AND OFFICE

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... the miracle-working substance nature uses to keep trees and grass fresh and green, plus 125 other compounds used by nature

Air-wick is the marvellous new discovery that kills smells as if by magic. Just unscrew the cap, pull up the wick, and place above the source of the smell. All disagreeable smells vanish. And Air-wick is not a disinfectant, it doesn't merely cover up one smell with another, because... Air-wick is the only air-freshener sold in Australia that contains Chlorophyll, plus 125 other compounds as used by nature. It actually kills smells in the air—boiling cabbage, burning fat, stale tobacco. It freshens the air in stuffy halls; bathrooms; musty, uninvited rooms.

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Air-wick is the ONLY air-freshener sold in Australia which is also sold in the U.S.A. and England. It is regularly used in over 11,000,000 American homes.

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- How to Grow Good Chrysanthemums.
  - Springtime in the Rockeries.
  - Growing Vegetables for the Home.
  - How to Grow Good Carnations.

Name of leaflet (one only) .....

Stamped (3d.), addressed envelope is enclosed

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 12, 1944



# Make this pretty gift apron

Take a remnant of crisp organdie, add a filet crocheted frill, and you have an attractive apron for a gift or to wear yourself.

**Materials:** Fifteen balls of "Anchor" Fil a Den- (selected color), size 70; 1 ball of organdie (same color as used); Milward's No. 6.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dbl-tr., double treble; incl., inclusive; st., round.

## FIRST MOTIF

Starting at centre, chain 32. 1st Round: Holding back on the last loop of each tr., draw a tr. into 10th ch. from hook. Skip next ch., tr. in next ch., thread over, draw up all loops on hook (st-st. made). \* (ch. 5,

sl-st. in tip of joint—tr. twice (double picot made); ch. 5, skip next 2 ch., make a joint—tr. by making tr. in next ch., skip next ch., tr. in next ch. Repeat from \* across, ending with a double picot, (5 joint—tr. on row), ch. 10, work along opposite side of starting chain to correspond, having joint—tr. fall directly opposite each other, ending with joint—tr. opposite first joint—tr. made, ch. 6, skip next 2 ch. on starting chain, sl-st. in next ch.

2nd Round: Sl-st. in first 2 ch. of next sp., d.c. in same sp., (ch. 10, d.c. in next sp.) 4 times; ch. 10 in ch.—10 loop

at end make d.c., ch. 10 and d.c., (ch. 10, d.c. in next sp.) 4 times; ch. 10, 3 d.c. in each of next 2 sps.

3rd Round: In each ch.—10 loop around make d.c., half tr., 9 trs, half tr. and d.c.; ch. 7, sl-st. in first d.c. made on first scallop.

4th Round: Sl-st. in next 6 sts. on scallop, d.c. in same st. as last sl-st. was made, (ch. 11, d.c. in centre st. of next scallop) 4 times; ch. 11, skip 3 sts. on next scallop, d.c. in next st., ch. 11, skip next 5 sts. on same scallop, d.c. in next st., (ch. 11, d.c. in centre st. of next scallop) 5 times. Break off.

2nd Motif: Work as for first motif until 3rd round has been completed.

4th Round: Sl-st. in next 6 sts. of scallop, d.c. in same st. as last sl-st. was made, (ch. 5, sl-st. in corresponding loop on first motif, ch. 5, d.c. in centre st. of next scallop on second motif) 3 times. Complete round as for first motif. (No more joinings.) Make necessary number of motifs to measure 40in., joining them as second motif was joined to first motif.

## EDGING

1st Row: Attach thread to 4th free loop on first motif, d.c. in same loop, ch. 11, d.c. in next loop, ch. 11, in next loop make d.c., ch. 11 and d.c. (1 loop increased); \* (ch. 11, d.c. in next free loop) 4 times; ch. 11, in next loop make d.c., ch. 11, and d.c. (another loop increased). Repeat from \* across, ending with d.c. in 4th loop from end on last motif. Ch. 11, turn.

2nd Row to 8th Row incl.: D.c. in first loop, \* ch. 11, d.c.

in next loop. Repeat from \* across, increasing 1 loop directly above the previous increased loop. Ch. 11, turn.

9th Row: D.c. in first loop, \* ch. 11, d.c. in next loop. Repeat from \* across. Break off.

## HEADING

Attach thread to 3rd free st. of first scallop on opposite side of first motif, d.c. in same place, \* ch. 8, d.c. in next loop, ch. 8, skip first 3 sts. on next scallop, d.c. in next st., ch. 8, make a

joint—dbl-tr. by making dbl-tr. in each of the next 2 loops, ch. 8, d.c. in the 3rd free st. on next scallop. Repeat from \* across. Break off.

## TO MAKE UP

Cut a piece of organdie 14½ in. square. Fold in half and cut to shape, having top measure 12in. and bottom 14½in. at widest part. Round off corners at bottom. Roll a narrow hem around 3 sides. Attach thread to top of side and d.c. closely

around 3 sides. Break off, sew edging in place. Cut band 4in. wide to reach across top, including ruffle, fold in half and sew to top of apron. Cut 2 strips of organdie each 4in. wide and 24in. long. Make a narrow hem all round. Sew a strip to each side for ties. Starch lightly and press.

This design has been made available to us exclusively by "Good Housekeeping Magazine."

DIRECTIONS for making this pretty apron are given on this page. The handmade filet crocheted edging gives it a gala-day appearance.



## Handyman's corner...

100 golf balls are spinning on a single of nails secured into a block of wood. They will dry stable and evenly.



**RAZOR BLADES** are handy aids for scraping paint, cutting cardboard, and doing other jobs. Improve a holder to avoid cutting your fingers by dipping the blade between the leaves of a small hinge as shown.



MY BABIES DIDN'T LIKE ME

MISS BAXTER, YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME A BABY-SITTING JOB FOR TWO WEEKS!

I'M SORRY MISS MOFFAT, BUT THE MOTHERS SAY YOU ARE TOO WELL, IMPATIENT WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE VIOLET—HARSH LAXATIVES. THEY'RE MAKING YOU WASHED OUT AND IRRITABLE! YOU'D BETTER SEE DR. LEWIS.

MISS MOFFAT, HARSH PURGATIVES ARE DRAINING YOUR VITALITY AWAY. YOU NEED TO GET BULK INTO YOUR DIET. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY...

LATER

I'M SO GLAD IT'S YOU, MISS MOFFAT! THE CHILDREN WILL BE DELIGHTED!

Read what Dr. Lewis told Miss Moffat...

TODAY'S SOFT FOODS OFTEN LACK THE VITAL BULK NEEDED FOR REGULARITY. KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN SUPPLIES THIS BULK—AND, BEING A FOOD, IT ALSO GIVES YOU STRENGTH AND ENERGY—INSTEAD OF PURGING IT OUT OF YOU.

Enjoy this nut-sweet breakfast cereal and BE REGULAR WITHIN 10 DAYS!

Your health and regularity depend on what you eat. Made from the vital outer layers of wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural laxative, health food and blood tonic all in one. Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran brings you strength and

energy as it restores regularity, instead of leaving you drained and washed out. Sprinkle it over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight from the packet with stewed fruit, milk and sugar. Keep on enjoying this nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Never lose the wonderful health it brings.



Accept this offer!

COMPLETE SATISFACTION OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

This is all you need do... enjoy tasty, toasty Kellogg's All-Bran\* for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you don't feel it has helped you, just send the empty packet to Kellogg's and you'll get double your money back.

\*Registered Trade Mark





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## Mandrake the Magician

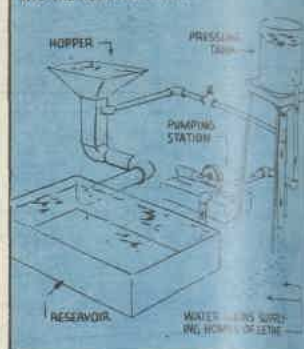
**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are victims of memory-destroying water. **LORO:** Ruler of Lethe, rescues **PRINCESS NARDA**, and explains he invented the water as revenge on the people of

Lethe for exiling him. Narda is horrified to learn that Loro intends to marry her. Planning to free Mandrake and Lothar, she substitutes salt for the powder which, added to Lethe's water supply, robs the population of will-power and memory. **NOW READ ON:**

THE NEXT MORNING, SHE WATCHES AS ONE OF THE TWIN GIANTS EMPTIES THE SACKS INTO THE HOPPER—HIS DAILY TASK—



NOW, INSTEAD OF THE POWERFUL SECRET POWDER, SHE TRAVELS FROM THE HOPPER INTO THE HOMES OF LETHE.



THERE YOU ARE, NARDA—I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU. DID YOU SLEEP WELL?



YOU SEEM HAPPIER. I KNEW YOU'D GET ON—IT'S GOT TO WORK—NEXT WEEK!



IN LETHE, NARDA'S WEDDING DAY ARRIVES!



EACH DAY FOR A WEEK, THE SALT THAT NARDA SECRETLY SUBSTITUTED FOR LORD'S POWDER OF-FORGETFULNESS HAS BEEN POUNED IN THE WATER SYSTEM—



—BUT THERE'S NO CHANGE IN THE LAND OF LETHE.



IT PLEASES ME TO HAVE YOU, MANDRAKE. GIVE THE BRIDE AWAY TO ME! AND YOU, LOTHAR—LET ME SEE—HAHAHA, YOU SHALL BE THE FLOWER BOY! NO!





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by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

# PERRY MASON

• Famous lawyer Perry Mason is consulted by scientist Dr. Early, owner of Experiments Inc., about a new company to manufacture his latest invention. Roy Adger steals blueprints of the invention, and frames Sally Dale for the theft. He sends her to the office, saying Dr. Early needs an envelope from the safe. Paul Drake sees Sally open the safe and phones Dr. Early to verify her story.



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